

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {  
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SONG AT THE CLOSE OF THE  
PLAY.

[*The Mortals have quitted the Stage:  
the Fairy and the Brownie remain.*]

They—pass away:

We two only stay;

Yes; year after year, we two, Dear,  
still shall be here!

Be it cloudy or clear—

We shall still walk the woods, you  
and I,

Brown daughter of Earth—white child  
of the changing sky.

Summer is come—

Fills all the woods with his hum—

He longs for our songs, for the birds  
are all drowsy or dumb—

Cool and sweet, through the heat,

Comes the breath of the leaves, where  
we meet

To twine the woodbine for our brows,  
with the heath at our feet.

Thieves of our leaves—

Cunning Autumn will send through the  
haze;

To burn up the fern and to set the big  
beech-trees ablaze;

But from gold of his sheaves,

From his burrs and his red berries  
rare,

We shall hoard up the bloom for our  
cheeks, and the brown and the  
gold for our hair.

White, through the night;

Softly the snowflakes alight;

They freeze on the trees, and heap the  
brown banks out of sight:

And the low sunbeams will peep

So clear and bright, where we sleep,  
side by side,

In the house of the Mouse or the holes  
where the Butterflies hide.

Then, once again,

Wake we and weave we the charm—

For mortals and men bringing Spring,  
that forbids them to die;

Cold harbor or warm—

Wet walking or dry—

Love shall come up from the Earth to  
laugh with her Love from the  
Sky!

S. O.

## BONUS LATRO.

They took him from his robber-cave  
To die on Calvary;

The wise ones of the world were blind,  
But the Good Thief could see.

They set him by the Lamb of God,  
He felt an awe-struck fear;

The great ones of the earth were deaf,  
But the Good Thief could hear.

Around him surged the crowd that  
mocked,

On the hillside that day;

The righteous men at best were dumb,  
But the Good Thief could pray.

He went to take his due reward  
When his day's work was done;  
The godly men had played and lost,  
But the Good Thief had won.

In my death's hour, when it may be,  
Bone Latro, pray for me.

R. L. Gales.

The British Review.

## INVIOABLE.

When I hear men discoursing idle  
things,

Who "beauty and corruption" would  
unite—

As who should say: "Now call we  
darkness bright!"

My wondering soul more passionately  
clings

To every image, every strain that sings  
Of beauty—still, ah, still the world's  
delight!—

More valuing that bloom which  
knows not blight,

To which no touch of Time defacement  
brings.

From rocky Chios, from sweet Avon's  
side,

From Athens, Sicily—our earth to  
bless—

From each dear Land where Joy  
hath dwelt with Truth,

It comes adown Time's inexhausted  
tide

In myriad form, the ancient Loveli-  
ness,

Wearing its glory of immortal youth!

Florence Earle Coates.

## THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN : HER CAUSE AND CURE.

There are probably few thinking men and women who have not, at some period or another, been depressed by the contemplation of what we are often told is the increasing disproportion of the sexes in England. I imagine that this consideration presents itself most vividly to the man of the middle classes, with a fixed income which dies with him. In his middle age he is the exception rather than the rule if he has not two or three women more or less dependent on him. His sons, very likely, are still single, postponing the assumption of such responsibilities till the latest possible moment—a fact which naturally increases the burdens of the middle-aged fathers of other girls. It is one of the shibboleths of both schools of feminine thought that there are “too many women,” and while the anti-suffragist uses it as an argument against giving women the vote, because they could swamp the men, the suffragist sees in it grounds for demanding for women freedom and economic independence. I am not concerned in this article with either point of view, but rather with the premiss on which they are based.

Presumably, when we speak of a superfluity of women, we mean that there are more possible wives than possible husbands, more women workers than there is women's work to be done, and that, therefore, a number of women are condemned to celibacy, sterility, and to overcrowd each other in the limited range of trades and professions open to them. In short, we assume that society has more females than it can usefully employ. It is this assumption which must first be examined.

The total number of males in the

United Kingdom is 21,946,000; of females 23,275,000, giving a disproportion or excess of 1,329,000 females, or 1061 women to every 1000 men.<sup>1</sup> The disproportion would be greater if Ireland, where the sexes nearly balance, were left out of the reckoning, and, taking England and Wales alone, the female “surplus” is 1,179,000. But if we take the figures relating to persons between the ages of 15 and 35 we find only 7000 more single women than single men, as compared with 39,000 in the Census of 1901.<sup>2</sup> Even remembering the mortality among young unmarried men during the South African War it is difficult to account for this drop. Possibly the figures are affected by the increasing tendency of males to postpone marriage which swells the total of bachelors under 35. The 1911 Census<sup>3</sup> shows a proportion of 480 males to 520 females between the ages of 15-35, with a total surplus (without reference to age) of unmarried females over unmarried males of rather more than a quarter of a million in a total population of 45,000,000; while of the total female surplus (1,179,000) no fewer than 610,000 are given as “over 40 years of age,” and there is a surplus of widows over widowers of 749,000. The age statistics are probably below the true figures, so that we are led to the conclusion that even if the marriageable ages of the sexes were the same (instead of being far more elastic for men) the number of young women actually doomed to celibacy for want of a man is smaller than we had supposed, and that the really formidable excess of women is made up largely of middle-aged and

<sup>1</sup> “Sixteenth Abstract of Labor Statistics for United Kingdom” [Cd. 7181], p. 276.

<sup>2</sup> “Dominions Royal Commission.” [Cd. 7210.]

<sup>3</sup> “Census Report,” 1911, vol. vii. [Cd. 6610.]

old women, of whom, again, a large proportion are widows.

The longevity of women—especially widows—under modern conditions of life and hygiene is really responsible for a great deal of the so-called "superfluity." As a matter of fact, although we do not by any means come up to Oriental standards of filial piety, there are few people who would declare that there is no useful place in society or in the home for the widowed mother or granny whose principal life work is over. In a purely utilitarian society her claims might be disregarded, as in those savage countries where old age is the signal for death, but I am inclined to think that the actual contributions of middle-aged or even of elderly women to society, apart from their moral claims on the younger generation, are nowadays of considerable importance. To this subject I must return again.

The point on which we want evidence is how far the present generation of young women could find, apart from economic or psychological considerations, mates of a suitable age, and the latest Census figures show that, despite the excess of unmarried females in the population as a whole, there are actually only 7000 unmarried and marriageable women for whom no husband of corresponding age is available. As a matter of fact there is an actual excess of unmarried men between 20-35, so that this figure of 7000 must be made up of girls under 20. Since a large number of men marry after the age of 35, the possible range of husbands for these 7000 is, however, indefinitely increased, but the excess of mateless women over 35 is also increased in ratio. For national purposes, however, we need only concern ourselves with the matrimonial prospects of the woman on the right side of 35, and it is a relief to find that, speaking numerically, they are

rosier than we have hitherto been led to believe. But while this is the case it is an undoubted fact that the matrimonial prospects of British spinsters, especially of the middle class, are growing worse and worse, because of the fall in the marriage rate, which has declined from 16.0 per 1000 in 1897 to 15.2 in 1911. It is more than probable that this decline is almost entirely to be traced in the middle class. Other circumstances injurious to matrimonial prospects are the tendency to postpone marriage and the fall in the birth-rate, to which allusion must be made later on.

Another assumption, or shibboleth, in which most of us have been wont to place implicit belief, is that women can no longer be housewives, because they are being increasingly driven into "the labor market," a supposition which is, of course, usually correlated with the number of "superfluous" women to whom family life is not open. We have now, in Vol. N., Occupations and Industries [Cd. 7019], of the 1911 Census, full statistics as to the employment of women, and it must be a surprise to many people to find that the actual proportion of "occupied" females as compared with "occupied" males, though slightly higher than in 1901, is actually lower than in 1881. The figures are as follows\*:

*Females over Ten Years in England and Wales.*

	Total	Occupied	Percentage Occupied
1911 .	14,857,113	4,830,734	32.5
1901 .	13,189,585	4,171,751	31.6
1891 .	11,461,890	3,945,580	34.4
1881 .	9,992,513	3,402,809	34.0

The figures for males were as follows:

*Males over Ten Years.*

	Total	Occupied	Percentage Occupied
1911 .	13,662,200	11,453,665	83.8
1901 .	12,134,259	10,156,976	83.7
1891 .	10,591,967	8,806,415	83.1
1881 .	9,313,666	7,758,907	83.2

\* See article on Census of 1911, "Anti-Suffrage Review," February 1914.



Thus, while the proportion of men at work has remained steady during the last thirty or forty years, that of women has shown a slight decrease. Any variation, therefore, in the proportion between men and women occupied has favored a decrease in the right direction, as follows: 2.2 men to women in 1881; 2.2 in 1891; 2.4 in 1901; and 2.3 in 1911.

The Dominions Commission, already quoted, contributes another suggestive observation as to the connection between "surplus women" and women wage-earners, for it has caused the figures to be analyzed by districts of residence, from which it appears that the excess of women occurs mainly in residential towns and districts, and is chiefly composed of "elderly ladies with domestic servants." Such ladies, living chiefly on the "unearned increments" bequeathed by some defunct male relative, are seldom competitors in the labor market.

At the risk of overloading my theme with figures I must here draw attention to the interesting fact that, so far, men do not seem to be failing to meet the claims of their families to any increasing extent, since only 4% millions out of 14% millions of females over the age of ten are forced to work for any form of wages. Ten million females, at all events, are spared the necessity for competition in a labor market where they are woefully handicapped by nature in the struggle for existence. The proportion of men is roughly 11 millions "occupied" to 2 millions returned as "retired or unoccupied."

But to go back once more to our "surplus" of unmarried women—the quarter-million of "unappropriated blessings" of all ages for whom no corresponding male is found. There are some 3% millions unmarried females returned as "occupied," of whom some 380,000 are 15 years old or under, and

do not come into the "marriageable" category. Out of the total female population 68.7 per cent are "occupied" between the ages of 15-20, 62.0 per cent between 20-25, and only 33.8 per cent between 25-35, after which age the drop is again considerable. This clearly confirms the general experience that the industrial woman usually marries at or before the age of 25, and that the rising age of marriage is therefore chiefly due to middle-class customs. I am inclined to think, moreover, that the large organized industries, in which women's work is continuous and well paid, employ a good number of women whose definition of "marriage" is a legal bond into which they do not enter with any special haste so long as they are young and strong. Marriage does not necessarily mean a release from wage-earning, since, as one of these women said to me, the men would think a woman lazy if she didn't expect to go out to work. Consequently I hazard the suggestion that among the thousands of "unmarried" women workers of marriageable age in these trades a considerable proportion are, physiologically speaking, "married." On the other hand, a sensible proportion of unmarried mothers will certainly return themselves as "married," but as we are not concerned with the moral aspect of the question, but merely with the problem of the enforced celibacy of a proportion of our women, this is not material to the argument.

The fact that, despite the drain of emigration and foreign service, there is actually an excess of unmarried men over women between the ages of 20-35 is surely not without its bearing on certain social problems.

The largest class of female workers is, of course, that comprising domestic servants (numbering 1,232,577), among whom we must look for the bulk of our unmarried working women. I am

inclined to think that the marriage age in this industry is nearer 30 than 20, and that this fact accounts for the relatively large number of wage-earning women in this age-group, and also for the big drop at 30, rather than any special conditions among factory workers. The actual decrease in the number of our household props is difficult to trace because of changes in the methods of making out census returns, but there is a decrease of 33,000 in London alone. The trades connected with dress making and dealing are the second largest employers of female labor with 720,726, and the textile industries are third with a total of 642,041, and an increase in the last ten years of 20,000. I have already dealt with marriage conditions among the women workers of such industries. The increase among women industrially employed is only apparent, not relative to the increase of population, and there does not seem to be any ground for supposing that economic conditions are affecting unfavorably their marriage prospects.

As a matter of fact the largest increase in any class of employment is in that comprising food, tobacco and drink dealers, lodging and eating house keepers, inn and hotel keepers. In the last category women have increased by 136.4 per cent, and eating and lodging house keepers by 79.9 per cent. This increase is not favorable to the matrimonial prospects of women. Keepers of inns, hotels, lodging or eating houses are usually women past their youth—the "over 40" surplus finds a natural outlet in such occupations. The tendency of men and women of all classes to shirk home ties and responsibilities and to live, feed, and amuse themselves in herds makes the growth of eating and boarding houses, hotels, and restaurants inevitable. The discomforts and limitations of the "individualistic home,"

with its incompetent young housewife, are not confined to any class, and the result is to play into the hands of the older women, who are prepared to cater for man's comfort on a cash basis. Feminists are never tired of urging that domestic work should be properly organized as a trade process on a business basis. One result of such organization will certainly be the growing tendency of young men, and even of young married couples, to avoid family responsibilities and to live in houses worked and managed by women who are past the age of true family life. As a method of providing employment for the "over 40" surplus this may have advantages. From the national point of view, or from that of a normal woman who needs a normal married existence, it has none. As has been said already, by providing "homes from home" for men, the spinster or widow who is past marriage is interfering with the matrimonial prospects of her younger sisters. No one can blame her, but it seems pertinent to inquire how the marriageable woman, who is really the most important to the State, is to protect herself from such injurious competition.

Before entering into that question, however, let me take a rather different body of statistics as bearing on the people who are usually supposed to be feeling most keenly the pressure which drives women to seek gainful employment—the middle classes.

I have before me figures<sup>2</sup> compiled from returns made by Bureaux which deal with women workers of many kinds, superintendents and forewomen of factories and workshops, dressmakers, milliners, clerks, typists, secretaries, lady housekeepers, and mothers' helps. These Bureaux are situated in London, Edinburgh, and

<sup>2</sup> "Sixteenth Abstract of Labor Statistics for United Kingdom." [Cd. 7131.]

Dublin, and two, with which I am personally acquainted, specialize in finding employment for "gentlewomen." Now this is the class among which one expects to find, for economic reasons, the greatest pressure on the unmarried to drive them into the labor market. The age of marriage in this class is steadily rising for a variety of reasons, and this alone makes it often impossible, even in comparatively comfortable homes, for girls to pass straight from their father's house to that of a husband. And yet the applications for employment to these Bureaux decreased from a monthly mean of 816 in 1908 to 675 in 1912, whereas the number of situations offered increased from 707 to 739. Possibly—nay, certainly—a considerable proportion of the situations offered are of the "mother's help" or housekeeper kind, and are therefore undesired, though not necessarily undesirable. But the fact remains that the actual demand for women workers at these Bureaux exceeded the supply. I hasten to say that those with whose work I am acquainted are quite up to date in methods and means of information. Of course there are other agencies, continually multiplying, for introducing workers to different forms of work, but when we are asked to believe in a compelling force which drives women into underpaid employment the figures given by these Bureaux are not without significance. Classification of the figures shows that while there were more applications for dressmakers, milliners, apprentices, learners, and domestic workers than could be supplied, there was a surplus of secretaries and clerks, and this despite an increasing demand for them. A similar tale of the demands of employers exceeding the supply of workers comes from the Government Labor Bureaux throughout the country, while registry offices which deal exclusively with do-

mestic workers have only one report. The largest of the London agencies now charges employers fees ranging from 17s. 6d. or more for introducing a suitable servant. For, while the number of girls willing to undertake this class of work decreases, the number of would-be mistresses gets larger and larger as the standard of luxury rises and as the number of gently bred women who understand domestic duties becomes rapidly less. We grow more dependent as our staff breaks beneath our hand. But whatever may be the reason, and whatever the conditions, the broad fact remains that, as a whole, the women of our country, despite the diminution in their matrimonial prospects and their increasing longevity, are not so far being driven in appreciably larger numbers to become bread-winners, and that, if they are obliged to support themselves, there are more posts open than there are women to fill them. That there are not enough posts of exactly the kind preferred by the modern girl does not affect the argument.

It is interesting to note the figures for the professions which entail brain work. Teaching, which is notoriously over-stocked with women, has only absorbed an extra 16,000 in the last decade, but allowing for a diminution in juvenile teachers the percentage of increase is 11.4, as compared with 30.2 for men teachers. There are, of course, more than twice as many women as men in the teaching profession, but the latter have gained ground in the last decade. On the contrary, women employed in Government or Local Government offices have nearly doubled their numbers, and are now 50,975 strong. Taken all together the women employed in teaching, in other professional work or in Government offices number 347,043, an increase of 52,401. "Government offices" covers a range of clerical employments partly recruited

from the secondary schools, from a class which, a few years back, would have naturally gone into domestic service, so that the actual increase of wage-earners among the women of the professional or upper-middle class is not particularly striking, having in view the increased burdens placed by social conditions and by taxation on families in this rank of life.

It is, of course, obvious that the stream which used to flow into the domestic channel must have been diverted into more congenial paths, and probably the greater part into the underpaid and often overworked ranks of the inferior shop-girl. The girls of the shop-keeping class ascend a step into clerical work or teaching, and the professional man's daughter usually tries for the superior grades of the same two classes of employment. It is an endless procession away from the family doorstep, and on the other side of the door lie the despised domestic duties which no one wants to do. The object of this article is to show how far the problem is still a psychological one, and not, as is usually assumed, a matter of economic necessity. It is demonstrably false to assume that a vast number of our young women are necessarily doomed to celibacy, and can never hope for a home of their own. If they are so doomed it is the fault of their bringing-up, since the supply of possible husbands and possible homes is far more adequate than is usually supposed, and moreover, there is not, behind the majority of women, the compelling economic necessity to earn their daily bread in the first post that offers rather than qualify themselves for a life in which sound health and domestic tastes are of supreme importance.

I have been reproached by many critics, friendly as well as otherwise, because, in a recent book,<sup>a</sup> I did not

"face the problem of the women who are denied the possibility of domestic existence and driven to seek more or less economic independence." I did not, in short, bring forward any panacea for an insoluble problem. The "problem" of the unmarried woman has no true solution. Women were not meant to be single any more than men, and if they are forced to remain single both they and the society of which they form part are bound to suffer. To suggest a "solution" for the difficulties of those condemned to enforced celibacy would be both futile and ridiculous, and I confined myself to showing what I believe to be contributory but not irremedial causes for the enforced celibacy of many women. My case would have been strengthened by the statistics now available, since it is evident that the proportions of the sexes of marriageable ages are more reasonable than I had supposed, and that the ability of men to support families is greater than appears on the surface. At the same time I admit the grave danger, especially in the middle classes, arising from the advancing age of marriage. The increasing reluctance of men to assume family responsibilities is not only answerable for moral evils and dangers but it decreases the matrimonial chances of girls of their own period, and puts a heavier burden on older men who are fathers of girls. It is, however, an inevitable result of the demand of the middle-class girl to be freed from the trammels of domestic work. She becomes a luxury which a man can only afford when he has thoroughly established himself. There are, of course, contributory psychological causes, but the root of them all is summed up in one word—luxury. It is only under the artificial conditions known to sociologists as luxury that men and women alike lose sight of the fundamental purposes of nature, and seek to order their intercourse with

<sup>a</sup> "The Vocation of Woman."

each other in a manner which will interfere as little as possible with their ideals of personal comfort.

The only way to remedy this state of affairs is to reconstruct, by means of education and training, the ideals of the young. We need not ask that they should put their theories of happiness on one side in the interests of the race; such an appeal would be contrary to nature, for youth and pleasure are natural playmates. But we can do a good deal by replacing the false gods, by setting up a truer standard of happiness and self-realization, and we should begin with the girls. In all matters of sexual relations it is women, in reality, who lead. I am prepared to be met with a chorus from those who find in the mature marriages now becoming more and more usual the higher form of union. The common sense of the question is this: if a woman has to wait till she is 30 or over before marriage she is so much the less likely to be a healthy woman and have healthy children; and if a man does not marry till he is middle-aged, he either runs risk himself or imposes them on other people. He will also be past his prime when his growing family needs him most—an economic argument which is frequently lost sight of by the opponents of early marriage. No intellectual communion of mature minds can compensate for the physical disadvantages of too long deferred marriage. But unless women are prepared to make marriage economically possible for young men they will be condemned, in increasing numbers, to celibacy, not because there are not enough young men, but because men will increasingly learn to do without marriage. And may I say here that for one man who hesitates to marry on account of a possible family, there are dozens who hesitate because the kind of girl they would like to marry could not be expected, even in an

emergency, to cook a dinner or open her own front door. Women have got to choose between celibacy and "menial duties." The feminist solution is to make all women competent bread-winners, with the idea that they can thus be jointly responsible for the home and family. I cannot do more than touch on this theory, the main objection to which is that it lays an intolerable burden on woman and penalizes motherhood. It is in no spirit of antagonism to the widening of what is called "woman's sphere" that this article is written. Modern industrialism robbed women of their home tasks, and while the working woman followed these into factories her middle-class sister was driven for a time to fill up her idle hours with the sham of "fancy-work"—aptly so called. Now she is reconquering painfully some of her lost ground, but is handicapped everywhere by her inferiority as an industrial unit. The pioneers of "progress, or whatever it may be" (to quote Mr. Max Beerbohm) concentrated their efforts on the reduction of this handicap, in the fond belief that it could be removed by education and training. They succeeded in breaking down many doors, with the result that women now compete with men in a number of professions, always under disadvantages. Here and there, however, they have created fresh industries or fresh professions, or rather men have created them with women's labor, but in the tale of their successful rivalry the fundamental facts are apt to be overlooked. What shall it profit woman if she gain the whole world of work as her sphere and lose her prospect of marriage? The cheap labor of women is one of the foundations of a luxurious civilization; luxury is inimical to home and family life, and so a vicious circle is established. To be more precise, the middle-class girl who has tasted the



sweets of economic independence, and has been trained to despise domestic work, cannot readily face losing the first and adopting the second as her life work. Her standard of personal indulgence is higher than her mother's, her sense of duty less developed; and the same is true of her male contemporary. He—the middle-class young man—has been sedulously trained in the belief that no self-respecting girl can find happiness in a round of domestic duties. The "nicer" he is the more will this consideration weigh with him, and if he is not "nice" but merely selfish he will still hesitate to marry, because of the sacrifices necessary to enable him to meet the claims of a modern wife. Therefore we find the numbers of unmarried men between 25 and 35 increasing from 317 per 1000 in 1881 to 386 in 1911, and it is no consolation that some women marry later in life, for the inexorable census shows a decrease in the proportion of married persons in every age group and for both sexes. The fact is that the fall in marriage statistics is greater than appears, because of the relatively large proportion of the population which, during the last two decades, reached the marriage age. We are still living on our capital of normal families born in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties and before the decline in the birth-rate began to be a factor. This brings me to a more obscure, but none the less real, menace to the matrimonial prospects of future generations of women.

It is well known that nature provides more boy than girl babies, but, owing to the difficulty of rearing boys, that females predominate in every age group over five years. Infant mortality being heavier in urban than in rural districts, town dwellers will rear fewer boys—an additional reason for trying to check the rural exodus. This condition does not, however, affect so

strongly the middle class, which is menaced far more by the increasing tendency, voluntary or otherwise, to limit families. To keep a due proportion of the sexes more boys than girls should be born to every couple, and when the limit is two or three there is less chance of achieving this. Moreover, it is asserted by many authorities that luxury among women leads to an excess of female births. Among middle-class women there now obtains a standard of personal comfort which is, sociologically speaking, luxury, and those who marry young are usually the best provided for. Their less fortunate sisters, who have to support themselves for a time, are far more likely to find marriage postponed, and even when they achieve it they frequently "can only afford" one child, or are at an age when a normal family is far less easy to face with equanimity. At the present moment we have a larger proportion of young adults than France, Germany, Holland, or Sweden, but fewer children than any country except France. This means in the future a diminishing ratio in the population of marriageable age, and also of the age of highest economic efficiency. As a large proportion of young male adults are always needed for service abroad these facts point to a not very distant period when our census returns will cause serious disquiet on more than one ground.

It is impossible to deal in this article with the subject of emigration. Briefly I do not regard it as any adequate solution of the problem of the superfluous woman, because of the psychological factor. We do not possess ourselves an adequate supply of the kind of woman the Dominions want.

The truth, as demonstrated in the reports quoted, is that the superfluous woman is chiefly superfluous because she cannot fill the vacant niche. We

are breeding teachers, typists, and Government clerks, and we want mothers, wives, and cooks. We are permitting women who are past the age of child-bearing to assume the place in society which used to be reserved for the house-mother. We are making it possible for men to enjoy home comforts without wives. I shall be told that the work of mothers and wives, in an individualistic society, has no exchange value, and that the modern specialist woman desires work with some commercial status. This argument, however, does not account for the scarcity of cooks, and we must qualify the statement by saying that the modern woman wants paid work, preferably of a clerical nature. If

The Nineteenth Century and After.

this is true—and I fear it is—we have three courses open to us. There is, of course, the feminist dream of a society in which the individualist home is merged in a sort of communal existence, and all menial duties are done in the mass, as it were, by "trained experts." But where the supply of "experts" is to come from they do not say. Or we can change our society, and on a Socialist basis recompense everyone with the means of subsistence, in which case wifehood and motherhood may again rank as desirable professions (though I doubt it). Finally, we may try to rear a different kind of woman. I think the last alternative is really simpler and more promising.

Ethel Colquhoun.

## THE RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

At the beginning of March a lively controversy broke out between the German and Russian newspapers. It began with a long article in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which was apparently written by its representative at St. Petersburg. It stated that Russia was at present not in a position to support its political threats with its armed force, because the Russian Army was not ready; that there was therefore no immediate danger of a war between Russia and Germany, but that in view of the great improvement of the Russian Army and of the Russian finances, Russia would be ready for war in the autumn of 1917; that Russian circles hostile to Germany thought that Germany had forced Russia into the disastrous war with Japan and had then taken advantage of Russia's helplessness by forcing her to accept the unfavorable commercial treaty of 1904.

The article in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which was believed to be officially inspired, created an enormous sensation

throughout Germany and was eagerly commented upon by the whole German Press. The independent and patriotic *Hamburger Nachrichten* could not see any reason why Russia should make war upon Germany, especially as the advantages of a possible victory over Germany and Austria-Hungary would be more than counter-balanced by the disadvantages resulting from the lasting hostility of these two countries, and it made the interesting suggestion that the danger of war threatening Germany from Russia had perhaps been pointed out in the *Kölnische Zeitung* with the object of bringing about more cordial relations between Germany and Great Britain.

Some German journals believed that a further increase of the German Army was called for, and some suggested that, for the sake of her security, Germany should strike at Russia before her military reorganization was completed. The discussion in the German Press attracted so much attention in

Russia that not only the leading journals, but also the leading statesmen of that country thought it desirable to state their views in print. In an article entitled "Russia Wants Peace, but Does not Fear War," which is supposed to have emanated from General Sukhomlinoff, the Minister of War, we were told that Russia had reorganized her Army during the last five years; that she contemplated formerly a war of defence on her western frontier, but that she had altered her plans and had prepared everything for a war of attack in the direction of Germany and Austria-Hungary; that the peace strength of the Russian Army had been greatly increased, and that it was ready in every detail. The article concluded significantly with the words: "Russia's preparations may be disagreeable to those States which harbor aggressive designs, for the Russian Army constitutes a powerful bulwark to those who covert her enormous territory, and herein lies probably the reason for the dissatisfaction of the foreign Press."

Very likely the German Press campaign was not governmentally inspired, but arose spontaneously in consequence of a powerful alarmist article which was believed to be officially inspired. However, the controversy is very interesting, inasmuch as it throws a vivid light upon the relations existing between Russia and Germany.

The Russian Army, which had been seriously mismanaged during many years, has of late been greatly improved, partly because the Japanese defeat has given Russia a rude and wholesome awakening; partly because her great prosperity has enabled Russia to spend enormous sums upon her army and navy. The cost of living has greatly increased the world over, principally in consequence of the great rise in the prices of foodstuffs and of raw materials, and Russia, being

chiefly a producer of foodstuffs and raw materials, has been greatly benefited by that rise. That may be seen from the great increase in the value of her foreign trade and by the notable improvement of the Russian Budget. In a recent debate on the Budget the Premier pointed out that the Budget for 1913 was the fourth without a deficit and that the growth of the ordinary revenue had in the course of the last five years amounted in the aggregate to the colossal sum of £80,500,000. Of this sum £73,000,000 was due to the automatic increase in the takings and only £7,500,000 to new taxation. He further stated that the Imperial Revenue had kept ahead of Imperial Expenditure, notwithstanding the rapidly increasing demands made upon the Treasury by the spending departments. How greatly Russia's expenditure on army and navy has grown in the course of the last ten years will be seen from the following figures:—

#### RUSSIA'S EXPENDITURE.

	<i>Army.</i>	<i>Navy.</i>
1904	£40,200,000	£12,200,000
1907	43,800,000	9,500,000
1910	52,500,000	9,800,000
1913	62,700,000	24,900,000

The increase of Russia's military and naval expenditure, especially during the last three years, has been truly startling. Russia's warlike expenditure amounted to nearly £90,000,000 in 1913, and it should henceforward exceed £100,000,000 per year in view of the enormous increase of the peace strength of the Russian Army which has just been announced.

The Russian officers have worked very hard since the Japanese War. The great progress of the Russian Army is particularly noticeable in the technical services, in which the Russians were hitherto weakest. According to the French authorities, Russia occupies the second rank in aviation.

She intends building 400 aeroplanes during the present year. The effective peace strength of the Russian Army is 1,385,000 men, and it is proposed that this enormous number should be increased by 450,000 men. It is expected that the proposals will be accepted by the Duma without delay.

Russia has become more dangerous to Germany than she was in former times, because she has lost her former megalomania, her complacent belief in her invincibility, which caused her to fritter away her strength in Asia and to neglect her western frontier, where alone she is vulnerable, to the despair of General Kuropatkin and other leading soldiers. Russia has wisely abandoned the Pacific. She is satisfied to rule the Black Sea, where she is building three Dreadnoughts of 23,000 tons, and she intends concentrating her naval efforts upon the Baltic, where she is completing four Dreadnoughts of 23,000 tons armed with twelve 12-inch guns, and has laid down four huge battle-cruisers of 32,200 tons armed with nine 14-inch guns. The Russian army is supposed to have a very excellent modern artillery, and it is being supplied with a new rifle since 1913.

In 1910 Russia effected a most important redistribution of her troops with a view to accelerating their mobilization, increasing their efficiency and protecting herself against a surprise attack. Formerly a large part of her army was concentrated in the frontier fortresses, where the mobilization was to take place in case of war. However, in view of the fact that distances are great in Russia, and that railways are few and slow, Russia's mobilization takes much longer than that of Germany. Hence the danger was great that a mobilized German army might have attacked the Russian Army before it had completed its mobilization, and that Rus-

sia, being attacked unprepared, might be defeated by Germany in the same way in which the French troops were surprised and defeated in 1870 by the Germans, and the Turks by the Bulgarians in the recent war. In both cases disaster was caused by the fact that an unready army was too slowly mobilized too near the frontier. In view of the possibility of a sudden attack, the Russian line of mobilization has been drawn so far back from the German frontier that an advancing German army will lose the advantage of its more rapid mobilization, for it will find the Russian Army fully mobilized and ready for battle by the time it has covered the distance separating the German frontier from the line marking the points of assembly of the Russian Army. Moreover, Russia is endeavoring to accelerate her mobilization, and to quicken the transport of her mobilized troops towards the German frontier, by improving her railways. If we allow forty trains per day on double lines and twenty trains per day on single ones, and estimate the average speed of trains at fifteen miles per hour, it appears that an army corps, which can be shipped in 120 trains, requires three days for advancing to the frontier on a double line of railways, and six days for advancing to the frontier on a single line. If we calculate the capacity of the Russian railways on this basis, we find that the four army corps concentrated in Vilna can reach the German frontier in twenty days; that the five army corps concentrated in Warsaw can reach the German frontier in thirty days, and that the four army corps of the St. Petersburg district can reach the German frontier in thirty-four or thirty-five days. In other words, Russia can attack Germany with thirteen army corps five weeks after the beginning of her mobilization, and can, at the same time,

direct her twelve army corps of the Kieff, Moscow, and Kasan districts towards the frontier of Austria-Hungary. During these five weeks much may, of course, have happened between Germany and France. Germany is strengthening very greatly her fortresses on the Russian frontier. Apparently it is her plan to act on the defensive in the East, to destroy the armies of France as rapidly as possible, and then to hurl her entire army at Russia. Russia remains a slowly moving Colossus until her railway system is greatly improved, and she intends completing her strategical railways as rapidly as possible.

A French Military Mission, composed of a number of high officers and headed by General Joffre, the Chief of the French General Staff, visited Russia in August, 1913. It stayed in the country during four weeks, and it is generally assumed that the French and Russian authorities settled then all questions concerning the co-operation of the French and Russian Armies in case of war. Russia has undoubtedly become far more formidable an antagonist to Germany than she was in the past.

Russia is now more dangerous to Germany than she was formerly, and she will become still more dangerous to her western neighbor in the future, not only because she will have completed the reorganization of her army in a few years, but because the relatively greater increase of Russia's population is bound to affect the position more and more to Germany's disadvantage. Russia's population has rapidly increased in the past, as the following figures show:—

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

1815	45,000,000
1835	60,000,000
1851	68,000,000
1859	74,000,000
1897	129,000,000
1912	173,000,000

The population of Germany has rapidly increased, but that of Russia has increased far more rapidly:—

	POPULATION OF RUSSIA.	POPULATION OF GERMANY.
1897	129,000,000	53,569,000
1912	173,000,000	66,096,000

Difference +44,000,000      +12,527,000

The population of Russia is increasing three and a half times as fast as is that of Germany. At present there are nearly three Russians to every single German. Before long there will be four Russians to every single German.

Germany's territory comprises 208,740 square miles. Russia in Europe has 2,052,490 square miles, and the whole of Russia extends to no fewer than 8,379,044 square miles. All Russia is forty times, and European Russia alone is ten times, as large as Germany. In the imagination of many Russia is a gigantic ice-bound country inhabited by shivering moujiks clothed in furs. The climate of Russia is not so bad. It has extremes of heat and cold similar to Canada. It is not generally known that Moscow and Riga, in the north of Russia, lie in the same latitude as Glasgow and Copenhagen; that Kieff and Kharkoff, in Russia's centre, are not farther north than Frankfort-on-the-Main and the Isle of Wight; that Odessa and Kostoff lie as far south as Venice and Milan, and that Tiflis and Khiva have the latitude and the climate of Naples and Constantinople. The greater part of European Russia lies no farther to the north than Germany; and in the south of both European and Asiatic Russia peaches, grapes, tobacco, cotton, and many other tropical and sub-tropical productions are raised in abundance in a climate which resembles that of Southern Italy and Southern California. Per square mile European Russia has 65 inhabitants, and Asiatic Russia has only 3.7 inhabitants. Whilst all Russia has but 26



inhabitants per square mile, Germany has no fewer than 310 inhabitants per square mile. European and Asiatic Russia possess the largest cultivable plains in the world, and as the soil is very rich, Russia should, and undoubtedly will, become the greatest granary and ranch in the world. Besides, Russia is in parts very highly mineralized, and she possesses magnificent forests and inland waterways. Through the possession of all these resources Russia has room for a very large population. If we now assume that only one half of Russia is susceptible to dense settlement, and that the favored half of Russia can support only half as many people per square mile as Germany, it follows that all Russia should be able to maintain a population of 670,000,000 people.

While Russia has room for almost an unlimited number of people, Germany is rapidly becoming too small for her inhabitants. It is not generally realized that per square mile Germany's population is already more than 60 per cent greater than that of France, and that it is rapidly approaching that of the United Kingdom per square mile. To Germany the Russian danger is a very real danger—it may not be a great danger at the present moment, but it is bound to become a very great danger in years to come, especially if the Russian Government should succeed in reorganizing the country, modernizing the means of transport, developing very greatly Russia's agricultural and mining industries, extending her manufacturing industries, and last, but not least, improving the conditions of the masses and satisfying the Poles, Finns, and other peoples whose disaffection constitutes at present a weakness, if not a danger, in case of war.

It is frequently asserted that a Russo-German war would be unprofitable to both countries; that neither

country can hope to derive any substantial advantage from a victory; that Russia covets nothing which Germany possesses, and that Germany desires nothing that she might acquire from Russia. That view is undoubtedly erroneous. The Russians could make excellent use of the Eastern Provinces of Germany and of the harbors of Königsberg and Dantzig. Germany, on the other hand, would not desire to acquire part of Russian Poland, for she has already more Poles than she wants. On the other hand, she could no doubt make excellent use of the Baltic Provinces of Russia.

The three Baltic Provinces of Russia, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, are German colonies of great antiquity. The Germans became landowners and they peopled the towns. It is true their number had been greatly reduced. However, even at the present moment the Germans are far more numerous in the three Baltic Provinces than are the Russians. Of the inhabitants of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland about 90 per cent are Esthonians, Letts, and Jews; from 2 to 5 per cent are Russian, and from 6 to 10 per cent are Germans. The Germans form the upper class in the Baltic Provinces in town and country, and the number of Germans is particularly great in the towns. In Riga, Mitau, Pernau, Dorpat, and Reval the Germans are from 25 to 50 per cent of the population.

Names are the oldest monuments of history. A glance at the map will show that the three Baltic Provinces of Russia were originally German. The Province of Courland is divided into the circles of Bauske, Friedrichstadt, Goldingen, Grobin, Hasenpoth, Illuxt, Mitau, Talsen, Tuckum, and Windau. The Province of Livonia is divided into the circles of Dorpat, Fellin, Oesel, Pernau, Riga, Walk, Wenden, Werro, Wolmar. The Province of Esthonia is divided into the circles of Harrien,

Jerwen, Wiek, Wierland. Among the larger towns in the Baltic Provinces are Frauenburg, Prinzenhof, Neuhausen, Jacobstadt, Marienburg, Seswegen, Lemburg, Mühlgraben, Sennen, Kürbis, Weissenstein, Wasenberg, Grossenhof, Gogenkreitz, St. Annen, Pungern, &c., names which are as German as Berlin, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, and Frankfurt. The Germans have not forgotten that the civilization of the Baltic Provinces was German and that these provinces were Russianized by force.

Not only sentimental, but also practical reasons seem to show that the possession of the Baltic Provinces would be advantageous to Germany. Germany is becoming over-populated, and the extensive Baltic Provinces might afford a welcome outlet to the surplus population of Germany. The population per square mile is 320 for the whole of Germany. It is 137.3 per square mile in East Prussia, 166.5 per square mile in West Prussia, 144.8 in Pomerania, and 177.5 in Posen. On the other hand, the population per square mile is only 70 in Courland, 80 in Livonia, and 60 in Esthonia.

The principal harbors of Russia are those on the Baltic. They are the harbors of Riga, Reval, Libau, Windau, Pernau, all of which are situated in the Baltic Provinces. The loss of these harbors might cripple the prosperous industries of Russian Poland, and might be of corresponding advantage to the competing industries of Germany.

The Baltic Provinces of Russia would possess not only a great sentimental, but also a great economic value to Germany. Their possession would be of the greatest strategical importance. At present the distance separating St. Petersburg from the German frontier is 450 miles. The acquisition of the Baltic Provinces would reduce that distance to 80 miles. Besides, the Baltic Provinces form a kind of na-

tural fortress. They contain an immense number of small lakes, which make the use of large bodies of troops difficult, and the natural protection of the Baltic Provinces is particularly strong in that portion which is nearest to St. Petersburg, for there Lake Pelpus and Lake Pskoff form a barrier 90 miles wide against Russia.

It is frequently assumed that Russia cannot be successfully invaded because the great Napoleon failed in this undertaking. It is forgotten that Napoleon might have succeeded had he not started too late in the year on his expedition, and his success would have been certain had he dominated the sea or had England been neutral.

It is difficult to strike at the nerve-centres of Russia by land, but it is comparatively easy to strike at them by sea. The principal capital of Russia is St. Petersburg. It is the seat of the Government and it has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. It lies on the sea, and although a direct attack on Petersburg may be difficult, it is comparatively easy to attack Petersburg by means of a large army landed in the vicinity of that town.

The battle of Tsushima has wiped out the Russian fleet. At present Russia has only a few ships. In a few days the German battle fleet could appear before St. Petersburg, and the German Army could march upon that town *via* Riga, Dorpat, and Narva, skirting the Baltic Sea and drawing the necessary supplies, either over the railways following that route or from the Baltic Sea. It is undesirable to rely on a railway for the supply of an army. Tunnels and bridges can be blown up, and a large military force is always needed for the defence of land communications. If Germany dominates the Baltic, her invading army need not rely on the somewhat precarious connection by road with their country and its arsenals. She might

make the sea her base of supply, and she could draw all the food, war material, and reinforcements needed from the excellent harbors of Libau, Windau, Riga, Pernau, Reval, which form easy and convenient stages on the road from Königsberg and Dantzic to St. Petersburg. Having a very powerful fleet, Germany need not fear molestation from Russian warships.

Petersburg lies in an extremely vulnerable position. A glance at the map shows that it is situated only a very short distance from the frontier of Finland. There are many bays and harbors on both shores of the Gulf of Finland within easy distance of St. Petersburg. Germany, instead of marching upon Moscow, as Napoleon did a century ago, might attack St. Petersburg from two sides. She might send an army by land along the sea-shore, where it could always receive aid from her powerful navy, and she might land a large army in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg.

Owing to the geographical situation of St. Petersburg, Germany is able to re-enact the drama of the Crimean War. St. Petersburg might be made to take the place of Sebastopol, and St. Petersburg is a far more valuable object than was the fortress in the Crimea. Such an attack in the flank and rear would seriously interfere with the war plans of the Russian Army. It would make Russia's planned invasion of Germany impossible.

In view of the fact that St. Petersburg lies close to the Finnish frontier, it is clear that Russia attaches the utmost value to the Russification of Finland, and it is equally clear that Russia's enemies are in favor of Finland's independence. Finland has 3,000,000 inhabitants, of whom only 6,000 are Russians. Of the Finnish population 98 per cent are Lutherans, and only 2 per cent belong to the Russian and Roman Catholic Churches.

Racially, religiously, intellectually and socially, Russians and Finns have scarcely any thing in common. The Finns have far more in common with the Swedes and the Germans. If Germany should defeat Russia, she might either restore to Finland her freedom and guarantee her continued independence, or bring about a union of Finland and Sweden. In either case Finland would become for all practical purposes a German protectorate.

The rapid growth of the Russian population constitutes no doubt a serious danger to Germany. That danger would be greatly diminished if Germany should succeed in seizing the most important strategical positions of Russia. These lie on the Gulf of Finland. If Germany should succeed in wresting from Russia the Baltic Provinces, or in converting Finland into a German Protectorate, she would have St. Petersburg under her control. St. Petersburg would then be approximately in the same position in which London would find herself if Germany had a strong military and naval base at Sheerness, or in which New York would be if a first class Power were in possession of Long Island. St. Petersburg would become a hostage for Russia's good behavior in Germany's hands. Russia's powerful defences on her western frontier would be turned, and Germany would be able to abolish those distances which have protected Russia in the past.

It is recognized by Russians that St. Petersburg lies in a very exposed position; that Russia has little to fear from an attack by land, but that she has much to fear from an attack by a Power which rules the sea and which disposes at the same time of a powerful army. If, in case of a war between Russia and Germany, Germany should dominate the Baltic Sea, the position of Russia would evidently be a serious one.

Germany can dominate the Baltic Sea with her fleet, and she can attack Russia by sea only if Great Britain remains neutral or if Germany should succeed in closing the Baltic to all other nations by seizing the three passages connecting the Baltic and the North Sea. Of the three narrow passages only one, the Sound, is practicable for ships of large size. Denmark is too weak to defend her neutrality, and she may well become an object of contention between the Powers.

I do not believe that Germany intends to attack Russia lest she should become too powerful, nor does it seem likely that she will attack her in order to acquire the Baltic Provinces. On the other hand, it does also not seem probable that Russia will attack Germany in order to take a province or two from Germany. War among the Great Powers is so costly and so serious an undertaking that it is no longer entered upon with a light heart. Great nations go to war among themselves only when their vital interests are touched. They do not risk their existence in a war of precaution or a war of ambition. Besides, if Germany intended to attack Russia she would scarcely warn her of her intention by publishing warlike articles against her in the semi-official Press. A war between Russia and Germany seems possible only if the vital interests of

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either country are touched. Russia would undoubtedly fight if she saw the important strategical position of Constantinople threatened by Germany or by Austria, or if the balance of power in Europe should become endangered by a German attack upon France. Germany, on the other hand, would scarcely passively look on if Austria's position should be threatened by Russia, for Germany and Austria must sink or swim together.

While there are some points of friction between Russia and Germany, there is also between them a powerful connecting link. The partnership of Russia and Germany in the partition of Poland makes their co-operation necessary and binds one nation to the other. So long as Russia and Germany endeavor to crush the political aspirations of the Poles, that strong connecting link will remain. However, the position would be very greatly changed to Germany's disadvantage if Russia should decide to give self-government to her Poles. A loyal Poland would immensely strengthen Russia's position in case of a war with Germany. A loyal German Poland would greatly strengthen Germany's position in case of a war with her eastern neighbor. If the differences between Russia and Germany should become accentuated, the Poles might conceivably be the greatest beneficiaries.

*J. Ellis Barker.*

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## OUR ALTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

### CHAPTER VI.

Hart's-Tongue Wood received its title from its formation, which was tapering at the seaward extremity and wide at its base; but even the tip, if tip it might be called, was sufficiently broad to screen trespassers like Dennis

and Alty from all observation, and to admit even the sinking rays of the sun only in tempered measure. But the gloom held magic as it seemed to Dennis, at all times a poetically-minded young man; while even to more practical Alty the contrast between these

quiet precincts and the bustling workaday world outside held a wondrous charm.

The outer portion of the wood was fringed with arbeles, the broad white-backed leaves of which gleamed like plates of gold where the sunset caught them; further in, there were beeches and oaks, larches exhaling their evening incense; firs with foliage looking almost black save where a chance ray turned the needles to fire. The peaty ground gave forth a fragrance of its own, mingling with the pungent savor of the ground-ivy; whiffs of far-away sweetness from clover and meadow-sweet had been wafted thither on the breeze which had but recently died down.

"This is Paradise," exclaimed Dennis under his breath.

"Yo'd say so if yo' coom here a month or two ago," rejoined Alty; "here, at the edge, yo' could scarce put yo'r foot down for bluebells, an' there's primroses an' all sorts, an' there's one or two crab trees round corner yon—a mass of blossom they wer'."

"Didn't I say it was Eden?" said Dennis, with a smile.

"If I was to give yo' one o' they apples yo'd not be tempted to eat it, though," rejoined she.

Dennis smiled again.

"You're allotting the parts all right," he said. "You are to be Eve and I'm to be Adam—but there will be no serpent in our Paradise."

"No," acquiesced Alty cheerfully. "I'd soon run out if there wer'. Ugh! nasty things! But there's snigs in the pit over t'other side—lots of 'em. They set night-lines for 'em, an' catch a many that way."

As Dennis gazed at her, irritated and confounded, she continued:

"Yo' know snigs, don't ye? Some folks fancies 'em in a pie, but I don't. Some o' the gentry likes to go bobbin' for snigs."

"Bobbing for—oh—do you mean eels? Now look here, Alty"—and Dennis spoke very seriously—"we've not come here to talk about bobbing for—snigs, or any other atrocity. We've come to be happy and—and—is it possible that you don't feel the beauty of this place and the poetry of it? Look down yonder into that exquisite green gloom. Do you see those shadowy trees, with their great arms outstretched? They are blessing us—blessing the two young mortals who have strayed into this fairy world. Don't you feel the spell of it, Alty?"

Alty looked at him with widening eyes; her tall, lissom figure, in its light dress seemed to Dennis's eyes to have borrowed something ethereal from its surroundings; her face, under the shadow of her hat, looked paler than usual; but even in the dim light those eyes of hers were shining.

"This is our own fairy tale," went on Dennis persuasively; "there never was a fairy tale yet that hadn't a wood in it, and a sunset, and a lad and a lass. We are living the story. I am the lad and you are the lass. Now what shall we do?"

"Summat ought to happen," said Alty, catching at the idea. "A beast 'ull maybe jump out fro' behind yon elder bush, and I'll be afeared, an' you'll take an' kill it. But there's no beasts here, nobbut rabbits—I couldn't be afeared o' them."

Dennis almost stamped with irritation: for a moment she had seemed touched by the spell, but in the next she had evaded it.

"Alty, you'll spoil everything," he said in a vexed tone. "We must fancy things."

"Oh, I'm not one for fancies," rejoined she, growing vexed in her turn. "'Tis late as how 'tis, I must be gettin' home."

"No, not yet," he urged; "do play the game. If you can't fancy things,



you can remember what you've heard or read. You must know some fairy tales."

Alty had taken the words "play the game" in their literal sense, and was still enough of a child to enter readily into what she conceived they indicated.

"Well, then, for a few minutes," she conceded. "What shall we play at? We had 'Cinderella' at the school once, and 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"That would do," said Dennis quickly. "You shall be Beauty, and I'll be the Beast. Let's see, how does it go?"

"There's not enough of us to play at it," said Alty. "There has to be two proud sisters, same as in t'other, an' a father."

"Well, let's have the Sleeping Beauty, then," suggested Dennis. "You sit down under this tree—on this nice mossy bank. There are no wild roses here, more's the pity."

"What for?" asked Alty. "The rose was in Beauty and the Beast."

"Don't you know that when Beauty pricked her finger with a spindle she fell asleep for a hundred years?" explained he. "And the wild roses of the wood grew round and round her till the Prince cut his way through and set her free."

"I'd forgot about that," rejoined Alty, who was sitting on the bank, hugging her knees, and looking as unlike an enchanted Princess as it was possible to be.

"Never mind, you must imagine the roses—that's not the essential part. Now you must pretend you are spinning—take this little stick and twirl it in your hand, and pretend you are twisting a thread. Have you ever seen anyone spin?"

He seized her hands as he spoke, twisting them into the required position, and experiencing a slight shock of disappointment on realizing how

firm, not to say hard, were the palms of this working girl.

"I thought everyone knew how to spin in villages," he went on. "Now you have pricked your finger, see—you must drop your distaff and scream—then you fall back against the tree, sunk into a dead sleep which is to last for a hundred years."

"Ow!" exclaimed Alty, simulating a prick, and jerking back her head so suddenly that she was immediately bonnetted by her hat.

This time Dennis did stamp.

"I couldn't have believed you could be so stupid," he exclaimed. "You are a Princess, I tell you! Do you think a Princess would say 'Ow!'?"

"Yo' said I was to shriek," cried Alty, getting up very quickly, and pushing back her hat. "I'm sure I don't know how a Princess shrieks, an' I don't want to play this game no more—'tis nowt but foolishness, tryin' to play when there is but the two of us."

"No, don't go, Alty," pleaded Dennis, swiftly penitent. "I didn't mean to be cross, and the beauty of this game is that it's meant for two—if there were more than two it would be spoilt. Come, let's begin again: I'll explain to you exactly what I mean. You needn't scream at all if you don't like—just let yourself drop back."

Alty gave a little sigh, partly of impatience, partly of weariness, and he exclaimed in delight:

"That's it—that's right—the very thing I want! Nothing could be prettier! Oh, I say, Alty, couldn't you take off your hat? You see, the Princess was spinning indoors and wouldn't have worn a hat."

"I thought yo' said roses grewed over her," put in Alty suspiciously.

"So I did; but they took a hundred years about it, you know. They grew and they grew, and they twisted and twined till they pulled down the Prin-

cess's palace and nothing was left but just her bower and the roses. Do take off your hat!"

Alty obeyed, jerking it off with such an impetuous gesture that the elastic, with which, in primitive fashion, she fastened it under her hair, caught on the ribbon which tied her plait and pulled it off also.

"Splendid," cried Dennis; "let's have the hair down too! Princesses in those days always wore their hair flowing over their shoulders, and you've got such gorgeous hair; do let it down!"

With a studiously detached air he took hold of the tress, but she snatched it from him, and, edging a little further away, began to unplait it herself.

"I can't stand nobry messin' about wi' my hair," she explained, half apologetically. "I'll let it down if yo' like, though I do think yo' wonderful foolish. I never see'd anybody so foolish as was up-grown."

She loosened the heavy strands, and spreading out the hair with her fingers, shook it over her shoulders—gorgeous as Dennis had said—a rippling mane that would have been tawny in the sunshine, but that was now softly brown.

Dennis caught his breath, but abstained from any further expression or admiration, being determined on caution.

"Here is your distaff," he said, picking up an ash twig with a cluster of leaves at the top. "This is your yarn—it's better than the other, isn't it? Now, you must twirl it as you did before, and pretend you are twisting a thread—now prick yourself and sigh"—he sighed portentously himself, by way of encouragement. "Now just let yourself drop back against the tree."

Alty sighed and sank back, the meshes of her hair streaming over her

shoulders and encircling her face with picturesque effect.

"You are quite, quite fast asleep," said Dennis, rising and backing away from her; "you go on sleeping for years and years, and the roses come creeping, creeping, and twisting and twining round you, and in your sleep you long for someone to come and deliver you, and you dream of the Prince who is one day to set you free."

Being now about ten paces away from her, he halted and threw away his hat; Alty peeped round from between the meshes of her hair.

"You mustn't open your eyes," he called out sharply; then quickly recovering himself:—"the Sleeping Beauty couldn't open her eyes, she could only hear through her dreams the Prince's footsteps come nearer and nearer"—here he suited the action to the word—"slashing with his sword at the thick stems of the roses."

As he spoke he hit out right and left with his cane at sundry tree trunks; Alty obediently kept her eyes closed though the lids quivered.

"At last," continued Dennis, speaking in a kind of chanting voice, "he is close to her bower; he forces his way in, he draws the branches apart and breaks the spell."

Dropping gracefully on one knee beside Alty, Prince Dennis simultaneously took her hand and kissed her cheek.

It was perhaps well for him that he had taken the precaution to enfold Alty's right hand with his own, for, supporting herself as she had been on her left arm, she made but an abortive attempt to smite the cheek nearest her. In another moment she had wrenched herself free, however, and struggled to her feet, pausing for a moment in breathless indignation, and then springing upon him afresh like a wild cat. He leaped back, dodging the blow.

"Alty, you little vixen! I won't have you hit me."

"I will," panted Alty, "I will! Yo're a nasty mean chap—I'll not stand sech a trick. *I'll larn yo'!*"

Dennis found himself in the undignified position of ducking to avoid those fiercely clenched brown fists.

"I wish I wer' a lad," she went on, her bosom heaving. *I'd pay yo' out!* But I'll do what I can as how 'tis."

She caught him by the lapel of his coat with one hand, twisting it so as to ensure a firm grip, and once more raised the other. But this was more than Dennis could stand: before the blow could fall, he had simultaneously pinioned both her wrists with fingers that seemed made of steel.

"You are not a lad," he said. "That's just it—girls mustn't fight, Alty."

"I'll shriek then!" gasped she.

But rage and a sudden sense of panic rendered her voiceless; she was powerless in that strong grip, at the mercy of her tormentor.

"No," said he firmly, "you won't scream, Alty. You don't want to look a fool in the eyes of your neighbors any more than I do."

"Let me go!" said Alty, but he did not relax his grasp. His brown eyes gazed unflinchingly into hers: she felt him to be her master.

She caught her red underlip with her teeth to stop its quivering; tears rushed to her eyes.

"Yo're hurting me," she said piteously.

Instantly he released her, noting with something like horror the imprint of his strenuous grasp upon her wrists. Alty turned aside, hiding her face; her shoulders heaved, there was nothing of the lad about her now: she was frightened, insulted, entirely womanish.

Dennis was overwhelmed with remorse. The spell had worked better than he expected; here was the result

for which he had wished. The girl was for the first time conscious of her own sex and of its helplessness. Yet this result had been brought about not by his tact and persuasiveness, but by a ruthless display of masculine force.

"I'm 'a brute," he said repentantly.

"Do forgive me, Alty. I most humbly beg your pardon. See, I'll go down on my knees to you, if you like."

But Alty sobbed on, and, moving a little away from him, leaned against a tree; she was shaking in every limb. Dennis, who had dropped on his knees, moved towards her on them.

"You must forgive me," he exclaimed, "or I shall never hold up my head again. I'm a brute—worse than a brute! But I couldn't stand still and let you box my ears, could I?"

She turned her face so that her brow rested against the bark of the tree, but made no answer.

"Perhaps," said Dennis gloomily, "it would have been less unmanly to submit to that than to do what I did. Would you like to box them now?" he inquired, after a further unresponsive pause.

Alty turned slowly towards him, shaking her head; her eyes were drowned in tears, her lips still quivering.

"'Twouldn't do no good now," she answered. "Yo'n bested me. 'Tis that as breaks my heart."

She wiped her eyes, then restoring her handkerchief to her pocket with a shadow of her usual determined air, began hastily to plait her hair. Dennis, who had risen to his feet, eyed her ruefully till she had concluded, and followed her as she walked to the bank to pick up her ribbon and her hat. When the one had been tied and the other put on, she said, "Good-bye to yo'," in a muffled tone and without looking at him.

"Say you forgive me," he pleaded.

"I don't see how I can," she returned, and her bosom began to heave again. "I tried to please yo' all roads—I brought yo' here to my own secret walk what I've never told nobry about—an' I played yon silly game because yo' axed, an' I undid my hair an' all—an' yo' made a fool on me an' bested me."

"Made a fool of you!" he ejaculated in scandalized tones. "You mustn't say such things—indeed you mustn't. Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"Well, yo' know what yo' did," said Alty reproachfully; and the color rushed over her face.

Dennis noted it exultingly: in spite of the recent hitch, his plan was succeeding. "Womanhood awakened, however rudely," he said to himself, "does not slumber again."

"It was part of the game," he said earnestly, yet with a latent smile hovering about his mouth. "If you look in any book of fairy tales you will find that the Prince had to break the spell just in that way. Besides"—here the smile broke out, the whole boyish face assuming an expression irresistibly mischievous and engaging—"you can't think what a temptation it was! If I did wrong it was partly your fault—you shouldn't have looked so pretty. Remember, besides being a fairy Prince I am Adam—and Adam was easily induced to do wrong."

But Alty tossed her head.

"Yo' didn't ought to be mixin' up a silly tale wi' talk o' that mak'," she said. "I don't howd wi' it. I won't ha' no more to do wi' it. I'll go my ways home now, an' don't want ever to see yo' again."

"Oh, don't say that," he groaned, all his gaiety leaving him a moment and his face becoming quite haggard and pale. "Alty, I could tell you something that would alter your opinion of me. I will tell you another day. I—

care too much about you to let you stay now—it is really getting late, but if you will come back to-morrow—if you will meet me here about this time or a little earlier, I will make an explanation which will satisfy you. In common justice, you owe it to me to let me speak in my own defence. Come, I know you are honorable and just, you'll be fair to me."

They were making their way towards the egress from the wood, and Alty's face as it approached the light changed in expression many times.

"I don't feel as if I could trust yo'," she said, after a silence. "Yo' may be gettin' ready some other trick."

"You may trust me," insisted Dennis. "I'll promise—I'll swear, if you like—that I won't so much as touch you without your leave—we won't play any games. I just ask you to promise to give me a fair hearing. I want to set myself right in your eyes, that's all."

"Well, if that's all," said Alty slowly, "an' if yo'll promise—I don't hold wi' swearin'; a body's word ought to be enough—if yo'll promise not to play no tricks, I'll come—for once."

They had arrived at the padlocked gate now, and Alty, leaning on the post, swung herself over with a school-boy's ease; a feat which somewhat rehabilitated her in her own eyes, atoning for her recent lamentable display of feminine weakness. Nodding once more to Dennis, she walked swiftly away.

He followed her with his gaze till she had disappeared from sight and then swung himself over the gate in his turn.

"You'll come once and many times, my beauty," he said to himself. "By George, what a glorious creature! A woman—a real woman with red blood in her veins, worth all the fashionable stuck-up dolls in the world!"

Thereupon the young gentleman did

a singular thing; pushing back the cuff of his silk shirt he groped beneath it, presently drawing forth a watch bracelet. Unfastening this, and opening the lid of the watch, he apostrophized a photograph set within.

"Do you hear that, my lady?" he said. "Do you hear that, you frizzle-headed, cock-nosed thing? Come, if

Alty is a woman, I am a man! We have both found ourselves to-day. I am her master, and, by George, I'll be my own, too."

Taking out and opening his penknife he extracted the little portrait, tore it to bits, and flung them to the evening breeze.

"Exit (Enone," he said.

(*To be continued.*)

### MY SOUTH AFRICAN NEIGHBORS.

Mr. Coatzee was paying us a spacious South African call, lasting several hours. We had reached to about the second hour, the pauses were becoming longer and more oppressive, and I had surreptitiously entered in my pocket-book, and underlined, with a view to my next visit to the dorp, the one word "spittoon."

The old gentleman was a right specimen of the true veld-bred article, very pastoral in appearance, tieless, and, any way you looked at him, large. Tielessness when your beard is a foot wide and comes well below the third waistcoat button, is a matter of small import. Nor could one rightly describe Mr. Coatzee as standing well over six foot in his stockings, for his unadorned feet were the sole occupants of his roomy veld-schoen. From the crown of his heavily-craped hat to the shoes on his feet, he was home-made. The shoes were from the back of one of his own beeves, the leather had been tanned by the owner, and the shoes made by the same person. His clothing represented the work of his old Frau's hands. He was washed (once a-year) by home-made soap and lighted by home-made candles.

After a silence of five minutes, during which I felt I must either shout aloud in agony or rush off five miles to the dorp to buy that which I had

entered in the pocket-book, a chance remark led to the subject of the loss of Mrs. Coatzee's jewels. The scandalous episode of their loss and of the behavior of a local justice of the peace must be here set down. Mrs. Coatzee was in a fine taking when she found the jewels missing. They were of immense value, for the Jew who had sold them to her had himself said so, and had charged accordingly.

"Never mind, old Frau," said the Baas, "we'll make a plan and find them." The local dollar-thrower was of course the first person consulted. He threw his bones, and the bones indicated Martha—one of the maids—as the thief, and the garden as the place where the jewels would be found. Martha was placed in close arrest, and the establishment set to dig up the garden. As there were no flowers growing in it, that did not so much matter. But no jewels were found. Nothing shaken in faith in bones or their throwing, another dollar-thrower, less loyal and consequently more potent, was consulted. He blamed the theft on Mary—the other maid—and said that the missing articles were hidden in the floor of the house. Mary was arrested, Martha put back to duty, and the floors torn up. This did not so much matter, because they were not of boards but of beaten earth. Still no



jewels. Recourse was now had to the Chief of all African Miching Malleco and Magic, resident in Johannesburg. His reputation was immense, and so were his fees. But expense was not a matter to be considered in the recovery of heirlooms. This great specialist, not to be outdone by his confrères, said that both maids had committed the theft. But as there was no place to point to, barring the wide veld, as a likely one to search for the jewels in, the great man on this point maintained the silence of the Sphinx. The two maids, on this absolutely convincing evidence of their joint crime, were hurried off to the dorp, and cast into the lock-up. And here the scandalous and altogether shameful part of the whole incident occurs. They were in due course brought before the J.P., and he a Dutchman! This devastating knave and sceptic refused to convict on the dollar-throwing evidence, and so far forgot his duty of one Dutchman to another (at least when Englishmen or Kafirs are concerned) as to order the release of the two maids. And the jewels were still amissing.

Part and parcel of the old man is the old lady, whom he always addresses as "Ole Frau." She very occasionally pays me and a few others a visit of ceremony. Less rarely, and much less unwillingly, she takes her pastime by a round of sober visits to other farms, where she and her mate wrestle in prayer, under the auspices of the Predikant, with their hosts. Otherwise she is always busy in bread-making and bacon-making, or in the dairy, for she is a famous housewife. She maintains a waggish twinkle in her shrewd old eye, and her tongue in rapier-play is both nimble and apt. I did once, however, take the wind out of her sails by suddenly putting to her the problem of the militant suffragette, and asking her for an instant

solution. For a moment she was non-plussed, even dazed. Then she said, "Turn a few mice loose amongst them: a woman's work is with the children and the dairy." Indeed, a year or two at Mrs. Coatzee's, or many a kindred establishment, might do any member of the screaming sisterhood a world of good. Here she would see the ladies not seldom waiting on the men at meals, and having their own afterwards. And here also any one who did not want to eat, would in no wise be made to do so. Mrs. Coatzee, though hospitality itself, is a thrifty woman: and every penny saved is a penny gained. Cristabel would be at perfect liberty to die, or throw leaflets into the pigsty, or tub-thump to an audience of Kafir women. No one would be a penny the worse, but every one would be vastly puzzled.

A dismal perusal of the gloomier portions of the Old Testament is about the only reading that Mr. Coatzee does. He could answer few questions in a "General Information" examination paper. From my point of view he is not even a good farmer. He belongs to other times when men chucked mealies on the ground, ploughed them in, and awaited a crop of sorts. But he knows good stock when he sees it: and that is all he needs to know. Were I an Englishman, for instance, the old gentleman's vast shadows would never darken my doors. I am Scotch, and Mr. Coatzee loves a Scotchman as a brother. All Scotchmen he holds (quite rightly) in the very highest estimation. He looks upon them (quite wrongly) as beneath the tyrannous Englishman's yoke. It was against the Englishman that he fought during the war. It was the Englishman that burnt his farm and ravaged his stock. And into no Englishman's house will this old Die-hard enter.

There is one thing that puzzles Mr.

Coatzee very sorely. Queen Victoria's picture hangs in his house—as it does, or did, in many another Boer's. She was a lady held in great estimation by Boers. Now touching her treatment of her Scotch soldiers, Mr. Coatzee cannot impute a shabby act to so venerable a lady. And yet there it is—take it or leave it—she always made them fight on foot, while allowing any quantity of her English soldiers to fight, as Boers and any gentlemen do fight, on horseback!

Of the female members of his large family, the old man speaks but little. He indicates with a pawky smile the daughter whom he destines for my hand in wedlock. But otherwise he is, concerning them, reticent. It may be supposed that his young ladies, having got education, are travelling from the orbit of the dairy and parental authority, to that of pianos and the higher arts. But of young Jacobus, more often called by the diminutive "Jaapple," the fond parent speaks with all the relish of successful cherisher of the extremely immature.

"I have sjambokked that boy," he says, "so that he now knows not how to leave work. He works so hard that he is always sick." Certainly it is a comfort to know that little Jaapple shows no sign of becoming a "Jong" (or Boer Nut), for Jongs jar on me sadly. I should mention that Jaapple is now quite a big boy, being well over forty, of an apostolic mien, and, as we may say, "five to a family."

With the onset of education, I fear that the "old Boer," of whom Mr. Coatzee is a type, will soon be extinct. For it is a good type, a manly type, and physically always seems to be a large and patriarchal type. Its personal habits are not as ours; and it has a code of morals which terms "Verneukery," what we should call by a harder name. It can be slim and superstitious, ignorant and unwashed.

But the old Boer is the man who found a good country, knew it when he saw it, and took it with his own right hand. For his existence he has fought against savages. For his country he has fought against ourselves. And he bears a stamp, both in character and appearance, such as only those men can bear who have done these things, and have struck good blows in good causes. And one finds with it all an extreme courtesy, a neighborliness in its best sense, and a simplicity which we may laugh at, but which most of us could do with a little more of. The younger generation, less sternly nurtured and far better educated, may have better parlor manners, but it has worse manners of the other kind. Of its elders—it too often speaks with its tongue in its cheek: and it has the appearance, generally speaking, of knowing a thing or two.

Our old neighbor has scarcely disappeared in his ramshackle old Cape cart, drawn by its two rough two-year-olds, than young Piet, son of old Piet, another neighbor, canters up on some farm business. He was once a nice little boy, and is now a complete "Jong," and may one day be as good a man as his father. In answer to our inquiries as to his parents, he says that they are away at a round of prayer-meetings, and adds with an up-to-date leer, that he himself does not hold with such monkey-tricks: that he has determined never to be confirmed. He would, however, sing another tune were his sour-faced old Predikant anywhere near. The hold of the Dutch minister over his very ignorant flock is not less, for good or bad, than that of the Irish priest over the peasant. Recently two of our local young ladies were named from the pulpit for going to a dance; and they will not dance again. But if Boer parishioners cherish their Predikants, the latter have to

work for their cherishing. The firstlings of the flock may be theirs, and the best house in the dorp, but much is demanded from them in return. Heaviest of their duties, perhaps, are the rural visitations to every farm in their far-flung parishes; and though coffee, in the intervals, may flow like water, the demands for leading in prayer, for lengthy readings of the Word, for the uplifting of souls in praise, are exceedingly exhausting. A Predikant friend of mine sometimes drops in between farm and farm, and in the strict privacy of the confessional, lets himself go. Indeed, in the characteristics of Scot and Boer, there is much that is analogous. The Boer language teems with good Scots words: and from the early days when trekking Boers felt the need of ministers of religion, and supplied that want from Scotland, they have continued to send young men destined for their ministry to a Scotch University, although many of these go later to Holland for a final Dutch polish. Two well-known Scottish names, both belonging to ministers of the Dutch religion, are at present household words in the land.

Considering the friendly relations existing between Boer and Britain of the country-side, and the way in which they rub along without any language question at all, the din of strife existent elsewhere over bi-lingualism is the more surprising. But the language question is a racial matter, and so there is nothing really surprising in it at all. Of Racism General Herzog is the champion: and although we may call him narrow and bigoted, yet we also all allow him to be honest and straight. And by "we," perhaps I had better explain, is meant those who differ from him and his followers, and are called "Slack-breeches." A slack-breeched man is one who is loose in his views as to keeping up the Dutch end, and

favors the Imperial idea. My own breeches are of course of the very slackest.

The grace of humor can save us from much: but it can't save me from a vain regret or two in regard to racialism, now in full blaze among us. It is scarcely too much to say that until autonomy was prematurely granted to the two late Boer Republics, by a Radical Government, racialism was dormant, if not moribund; and might have died, given time, of sleeping-sickness. But true to its policy of cap-in-hand to your enemies and to the devil with your own countrymen, the Radical Government granted autonomy, and the mischief was done. The check then given to all Lord Milner's wonderful achievements can only be realized by those who have seen and those who have suffered. Much of the good done perforce remains, but much does not. It was to Lord Milner we farmers owe, or owed, the advent among us of the experts in forestry, sheep, cattle, and agronomy. The British Empire was there to draw upon, and he drew of its best. To him we owe, or owed, our experimental farms—our thoroughbred stock, and a wonderfully successful Land-settlement scheme, still existent, but a dead letter. And of the many evils that we owe, directly or indirectly, to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's Administration, the last is perhaps the worst, and that is the Immigration Restriction Bill, aimed ostensibly at Asiatics, but really at a much wider mark.

For the second time in history the Boer resumed his place as top-dog and the Briton his as bottom one. Now bottom dogs suffer all sorts of unpleasant things, including euphemistic retrenchments. But on this occasion the suffering has been the more acute because they thought that the War had ended it finally and absolutely. However, this is neither here nor there,

and given certain conditions, the two dogs may one of these days occupy positions in a horizontal plane, and all will be well. In the meantime the bottom dog may find some slight, if melancholy, satisfaction in the fact that other people have been given away besides himself, and in realizing that, if his own case causes no concern to his country, she is wringing her hands in impotent (and well-deserved) grief over the treatment of her Indians in South Africa.

We can still raise a smile over certain humorous aspects of the bi-lingual question. Although we may often allude to a Boer as a Dutchman, Dutch as spoken in Holland is not the Boer language. A Boer literally means farmer—I am called by my neighbors "a Scotch Boer"—and the "Taal," the language spoken by Boers, is the language of the farm and of farmers. You cannot call it an unwritten language; but you cannot, on the other hand, describe a battleship in the Taal, nor discuss literature or finance in it. While we were all farmers it did well enough. But it will not do for an advancing South Africa, any more than Cornish, Welsh, or Gaelic would serve as the language for use in the House of Commons. So the Taal is put out of court as the language of South Africa. But the South African Dutch must have a language of their very own; and in deciding what it is to be, they have first created a dilemma and then impaled themselves on both horns of it. The one horn is the High Dutch language, as spoken in Holland—a language a great deal more foreign to Boers than is English. The other horn is the English language. All but very old men can speak English, and the young generation both can and does speak it. In adopting bi-lingualism—i.e., the hated but familiar English tongue, and the desired but unfamiliar High Dutch language—

South Africa has been caught on both horns. Racism now sees to it that every official publication appears in both languages, only one of which is understood of the people. It may be amusing, but it is very cumbrous and very silly.

The horrid necessity of having to use English is, however, to be relieved by the invention of a language called "Africaans." This exhibits neither horns of dilemma nor cloven hoof of the British language bogey. Of Africaans I cannot speak at first hand, for when Crown Colony Government came to an end, and the excellent school teachers and the best that the British Empire could supply were all euphemized back to their countries, and their places taken by Dutch teachers of very mediocre acquirements, I ceased to be a member of our School Board. But I believe that Africaans is a valiant attempt at having a working language other than British, of some kind, to wit, our old friend the Taal, eked out with High Dutch. I am told, and I can believe anything of Racism, that "Little Miss Muffet" has been done into Africaans for the benefit of the Dutch infant scholar; and "Master Jack Horner" is even now being lisped by patriot baby lips in the future language of our great and growing sub-continent. But one may rest assured that Miss Muffet can never sit long on her tuffet, nor Master Horner address himself rightly to a Christmas pie in anything but the bogey language. Moreover, our South African wags are at the matter of the languages. Especially have they taken as a whetstone for their wit the dual words of command in our new Defence Force scheme. Given time and some conditions hereinafter mentioned, the language question will answer itself in a manner practical, and therefore satisfactory, to all parties. Meanwhile a wealthy South African has offered

half a million sterling for a university: but bi-lingualism demands a double set of professors, and creates so many other contingent difficulties, that at the present moment it looks as if the offer might fall through. I am quite aware that in writing the above I have written as racially as any one could wish. But, after all, not so very many years ago, we did spend a good many millions and a good many lives in rectifying a situation, in a part of South Africa, which had become intolerable for Englishmen. And the situation was relieved, and might have been permanently relieved. Then it was upset again by the cap-in-hand policy, and that is what causes bitterness in bottom dogs.

I have far too great a respect for the Boers as a nation to discredit them with forgetfulness of their nationality in the short period of years that has elapsed between the ending of the war and now. Is the Boer to be grateful all at once, and forget dreams not long since dreamt, and still a-dreaming, when complacent Britain says, "Now you have been well beaten? But we have spent millions in setting you on your feet again, and we are going to grant you autonomy!" Is the Boer to grin with humble thankfulness when Complacency adds, "Some of our timorous ones think it is risky and premature; but we who have the say know that, after all we have done for you, you must be really quite fond of us, and almost quite British already? You shall be Master in your own house, but a good and loyal son in your Mother's." Not he! And, if we know the Boer women—not she either.

The Boers knew a freedom that no Englishman ever knew, much though the latter may talk about his precious jewel which he misuses so sadly. If deeds count more than words, the Boer was, and is, a much better patriot than

the windy Celebrator of the Relief of Mafeking, or the snivelling panic-monger of a few days' reverses. And to the Boer his old freedom was sweet, nor will he willingly forget it. And not readily will he forget, nor all the many people of Dutch descent in South Africa, the dream which men and women still dream quietly, of a United South Africa under the Dutch Flag. And it is a dream that may come true, given the hour and the means.

Given twenty years'—better still, thirty years'—freedom from all European complications to Great Britain, then all will be well in South Africa.

Perhaps not quite irrelevant to all this is the tale that my friend Mrs. Vandermerwe, a near neighbor of mine, has told me once and again. She is a perfervid patriotess, and likes to rub it into Great Britain (through me). She believes implicitly in what she says, and she tells the tale to me as she has told it to hundreds of others, and will yet tell it to hundreds of others again. It is a tale of the Concentration Camps, and now forms a Dutch version of the

"Hush ye! hush ye! little pet ye,  
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."  
And there are hundreds of other nursery stories in free circulation very much like it.

Mrs. Vandermerwe and her children became inmates, during the war, of one of our concentration camps. One of the children fell ill with a sickness, called "belly sickness," which Mrs. Vandermerwe had always treated fairly efficaciously with a wagon grease and other horrors. (Fairly efficaciously, because she allowed that she had "buried three or four.") It was a disease called by the British enteric, and Mrs. Vandermerwe was not now permitted to use her well-tried simples. The child was removed to the hospital. Here everything was



organized on a scale of colossal hypocrisy and demoniacal cruelty. There were beds; and they were white and dimity. There were Khakee doctors; and they were plump and suave. There were Khakee nurses; and they too were plump and suave.

But both nurses and doctors, anxious for just one Boer the less, set themselves to starve this poor little Boer child to death. They were deaf to the pitiful appeals of the mother. She was even watched to make sure that she did not defeat their wicked purposes by introducing food. Despite everything, the child seemed to be recovering, and now at last the mother found opportunity to give him, from her own rations, a little of the solid food of which he had so long been deprived. But too late. The child died,—murdered, as all Mrs. Vandermerwe's hearers like to believe, and do believe, by the English; or, as we might say, were there any use in saying it, killed by his own mother. I will not be put in the wrong by an ignorant Boer woman, who would quote the sayings of our own Ministers against me, were I to try to convince her how wrong the version of her tale is. And so it goes merrily on; and it does not lose in the telling. That is the reason of my plea for twenty or thirty years' peace in Europe.

A few pages back I was repining at one of our lengthy South African calls, not that I am not always glad to see Mr. Coatzee's broad face, nor sorry to see his broader back. But the bustle and the time limits of my own small and stirring native land are too much in the bone of me to permit me to bear very gladly these neighborly visitations. Yet for all that it needs no very prophetic eye to look forward to a time when men shall recall the spacious days of the First Union Parliament, and speak of them with the regret that we now speak of the times

of Queen Bess. And already our spaciousness is not so large as it was. The signs of the times have begun with a small thing, for we, who recently had no use for anything meaner than the threepenny-bit, do now purchase our daily paper with a penny. Passing from the less to the greater, no longer do we deem ourselves cramped for space on a farm of anything less than a few thousand acres, nor suffocated, as we behold from our own the distant smoke of a neighbor's house. Under closer settlement and higher prices for land, the abounding spaciousness of the veld is slowly but certainly dwindling. The Great Farm, of which mine now forms but a part, passed into the hands of the owner (still living) in exchange for three goats, and is now valued at more than three times as many thousands of pounds. No longer do we allow unnumbered buck to share with our sheep the veld. Nor may the sheep, in unfenced freedom, trample to waste as much grass as they please. Not long ago the law demanded from the farmer a strip of his veld 500 yards in width for the erratic passage of the public road. Now the law demands about 50 yards; and we grudge that. In the occasional bumping passage of a motor-car, we, the Great Untaxed, foresee the metalling of roads, the bridging of spruities, and the incidence of a tax to provide the wherewithal.

At present we would as soon think of putting milch cows to the plough, as our mares with harness. And at a white man going afoot we still look askance, as at one not quite respectable. He will be a poor white, and one of the genus who live by walking, not by working, and who will one day die by the wayside or in the chance shelter of a farm outhouse. The poor white is of all professions or of none. Sometimes he does not so much hate work as love the nomad's life. Although

born and brought up in a fixed abode, he is no less a wanderer by nature than the Bedouin. My last visitor—for this class can always claim a meal and a shelter—was by profession a diver; and at diving, so he said, he had made "good money." I did not seem able to find a job for him anywhere. Of wells I had never a one, and my dams are all too shallow for the practice of his craft. Such as have no profession carry what they cheerfully call "their income" with them, in the form of soldering material,—for there is never a farm that has not a leaky pot the better for plugging. These vagrants have still a few years more wherein to cultivate the philosophic calm, engendered by watching, in a healthy climate and perfect idleness, how other men, by getting and spending, lay waste their powers. But one of these days the poor white will be denied the space and hospitality of the veld, and enjoy instead the limits and the labor of the workhouse.

Whether or no it may be accounted for spaciousness to these our present times, I know not, but the fact remains that we may still here stand on the railway line at midnight, and by burning a newspaper arrest a passing train. Yet I feel sure that it is a privilege that will soon be wrested from us. Our spacious calling habits show as yet no signs of dwindling.

To the veriest dullard living in a young and growing country, the potentialities of the future cannot but be of interest and a matter for speculation. England can look back on a glorious past, but in many ways she must now act the Grandmother and find her chief interest in life in watching the growth of her children. There is little in South Africa's past that one cares to look back to, but much in the future to look forward to. What shall we be twenty or thirty years hence? Again and perforce the Racial note is

sounded, for one cannot contemplate the future without considering the part that we Britishers will take in it. Immigration into South Africa can never be either in quality or quantity the same as that to Canada.

There the capital of the immigrant is his hands and his health. Here the Kafir does the work at present; and he and the poor white will do it in the future—our immigrant must have money. Still, and despite restrictions—he is coming with a steady flow into the country; and he has begun to make his mark. Much of that was done by the Land Settlement scheme, now a dead letter. Then there is the drift of the British townsmen landwards, and of the Dutch farmer townwards—which will mean that the British, who at present have little to say in the government of the country, will soon have a say, and a large say.

The Boer farm, owing to a very common custom of the owner leaving it equally to all his children, tends to become in time a non-economic holding and to pass into other hands. I know of one at present reduced to a few acres, owned by forty individuals. It is in the market. The Boer is thus passing from the farm to the small town, and is becoming a handy craftsman and even a miner, to the sore discomfort of the much more highly paid British striker. The townsman, on the other hand, chiefly British, shows a consistent tendency to acquire land. Be he lawyer, doctor, miller, or storekeeper, he is buying land where he can, or stock to place on the land he means to buy. In the province in which I live, the farmer, and consequently Dutch and retrogressive interest, is alone represented in the Union Parliament. There was only one contested election, and the town which ventured on it has been made to feel it since.

Then there is South Africa's hardest

nut to crack—the native question: the question of the native on our farms, permanently with us and essential to our existence, not the migratory native of the Mines, who enjoys a separate question of his own.

If anything is certain, it is that the Kafir, to give him his generic title, is not going to remain *in statu quo*. From missionaries and other sources he is getting education: and he has begun to have the vote. In the various provinces in which he is located, he is held under a variety of restrictions, some of them seemingly drastic, all of them wholesome. But these will not hold good for ever,—or even for long.

The attitude of the average South African towards the Kafir is that rather of the aggressively nervous than of the benevolently despotic: a legacy doubtless of the days when the supremacy of the white man over the black was not so certain as it is now. The old written Boer constitution made short work of this racial question. There was something at least honest in the words that neither in Church nor State should the black man possess equal rights with the white. The black man had, in fact, no rights at all, not even that of walking on the footway of the street. Practice at least went hand in hand with precept, and to my mind the old Boer way of it was infinitely more honest than the way of another country who screams of Freedom's equal rights, and then acts far otherwise to the colored races that dwell in its midst.

But the old Boer constitution will not do for us now. And yet we shall want time to attune ourselves to altered conditions. We were a few months ago visited by a courtly product of Western India. His name was spelt and pronounced by us in so many different ways that it boots not here to give it. His errand concerned the welfare of his doubtless disgrace-

fully treated countrymen in South Africa. He received from Constituted Authorities bags and bags of that cheapest of all commodities, commonly called Soft Sawder; and so departed, leaving his Asiatics not one penny the better off. The Home Government had handed them over body and soul to another Government, who are not Benevolent Despots. The latter had been asked by the former to be decently civil to Mr. What's-his-name: and decently civil the South African Government was, which brings us to the point. All the little mayors of all our little towns through which Mr. What's-his-name passed during his tour, were ordered to receive him with official tenderness, including an official handshaking. And most of these little mayors are still in the state of coma common to people who have received a severe shock to the system. To await on station platforms the arrival of a black man was bad enough; but to have to shake hands with a nigger, and a worshipper of idols (if anything at all) was more than mayoral natures could bear or systems stand. Our mayors are still reeling and chaotic. The Indians are still oppressed. And their brethren in Hindustan are in consequence still objecting, very rightly, to celebrate Empire Day with any great enthusiasm while this truly unimperial state of affairs exists.

I was recently fellow-passenger with a most amiable South African during an ocean voyage. The crew of the ship was a Lascar one: and the mate swore by his Lascars. There was a coldness between mate and South African, dating from the day when the latter, alluding to the Lascars, asked the mate "whether, if one of these nigs fell overboard, he would stop the ship to pick him up?" Therefore, I say, give us time, reasonable time, to adjust the attitude of our jaws and our dentition generally, and we shall

crack the nut, never fear, to rights.

Now there are other countries who should be able to give us a hint as to how to deal with the Native question.

America is one. She has, indeed, quite an assortment of colors to deal with, the black predominating, but the yellow and red each claiming a share of her attention. Until, however, her enlightened citizens find some other way of proving their belief in the brotherhood of man than by hanging niggers on lamp-posts and burning them alive in streets, we need not expect much guidance from her, and she does not seem to be going to do much better with her other colors.

Cecil Rhodes' pronouncement as to equal rights to all civilized peoples in South Africa does not help much. For if one half of South Africa should ever allow that a black man was civilized, or could ever be civilized, the other half assuredly would not. To the Mother of Nations across the Indian Ocean, where the Indian has begun to feel himself and make the white man feel him, we may turn: and we may learn that concessions, apparently wrung by bomb-throwing, are not looked on as the acts of a strong paramount Power, and lead only to more bombs. That education of an entirely wrong type, imparted by the wrong teachers, in the worst possible way, to a people capable of gorging book-learning without acquiring knowledge, is a disaster much better avoided by South Africa. We may also pray Heaven to shield us from the calamitous interference of a Lord Morley, and to permit us to worry through our own business in our own way. We may note that if India is beginning to move forward and to burrow the way out of her ancient barriers of Caste, Religion, and Custom, the Kafir, who has few or none of these obstacles to progress, will move still faster.

In this respect I may perhaps be

pardoned for recording my observations on the actions of my horsey young groom Aaron. On a Sunday morning, and before escorting my cook Albertina to chapel, he may be seen, in the vicinity of the stable, endeavoring to brush an English parting into his African wool. Failing in this, his sprightly companion, Moses, the house-boy, will lay aside his mouth-organ and clip the desired parting with the sheep sheers. Before Aaron's time, was John Osgood, a young Englishman straight out from home. But though John was a good groom in many ways, Aaron is better, because he does not beat his horses with spades. John seemed obliged to do this to prove that Britons never would be slaves. He had to go. And it was a pity, because Aaron's way of grooming a horse is to cover him with horse-dung, and then scrape it off with the curry-comb. The brush he keeps exclusively for use on his own head. When the parting has been accomplished, and a paper collar and a German-made shirt of devastating appearance donned, Aaron is ready for Albertina, and Albertina should be ready for him. Together they fare to the Methodist chapel ten miles away across the veld. At the last gate but one they cease skylarking. At the last gate Albertina puts on the high-heeled shoes which Aaron has been carrying. As they enter the unlovely precincts of the dorp they assume the air saintly, bordering indeed on smugness. And frozen butter, did it chance to be in their mouths, would remain frozen. Aaron is a powerful singer of hymns, and if he bawls in chapel as lustily as he does in the harvest-field what time the Kafir beer is circulating towards midnight, he must be a serious nuisance to the devout. Albertina is giving a house-warming next Saturday, and is known for a fact to possess a table and two cups. The party will

contain many elements of the heathen orgy: the revels will be led by the native Wesleyan minister, and will last till sunrise on Monday morning without a break. But the table and two cups, together with others ravished from my own crockery, will stand for the Kafir drift to us-ward, and may give us to think. In time Aaron and Albertina will marry. Their eldest son will—or I shall know the reason why—be called after my own Biblical name. And the other items, resulting with monotonous incidence from this probably fecund union, will all have Old Testament names.

If it has occurred to any speculative persons to wonder what becomes of a scarecrow's clothes, when they are no longer fit for a scarecrow to wear, my employees could tell them, for they prefer English rags to any kind of native dress. In short, I see signs and read omens in Aaron's English parting, Albertina's high-heeled shoes, the Methodist chapel, and the housewarming.

The next two or three decades should produce South Africa her poet: and he will sing not of the richer province where stalled ostriches bring in their millions, and where wealthy farmers gather wine and summer fruits very much. Nor of the rolling sugar lands and rich alluvial flats of Natal, seamed with tram lines and smudged into the smoke of cane-mills. Nor will our poet find inspiration in auriferous reef or where diamonds grow. But he will find a thing or two to sing of in the bare and open veld as seen from the veranda. What is its charm? As well ask what is the charm of the splash of waves on shingle, of close intimacy with some beloved child, of a hundred things that charm us, we scarcely know how. I feel that there are elegies and enough, had we but a Gray to whisper them, when David the ploughman—silhouetted,

battered hat, pipe, whip, and all, against the wintry sunset—comes limping over the sky-line: and the cows, black against the glowing west, saunter forth released from the milking to their night's pasturage, or snuffle odorously past the window in the frosty dawn. And at night when the song of the harvesters, heard from afar, beats up to old Scorpion as he straddles glittering over the veld, there is matter, and good matter, to indite of. And with the veld are its chiefest tenants, the sheep. If old Titz, the shepherd, can see something in them, perhaps our poet will. Perhaps there is second-sight in a Bushman,—for Titz belongs to that much-despised race. To us he appears a very ancient wreck of humanity, more tattered, more drunken than any human being of our acquaintance. On his fingers he may perhaps be able to count up to five; yet if there is one sheep from his five hundred missing, he will know it. If there is one errant stranger from the next farm among his charges, he will spot him. And he knows every individual sheep. He's altogether beyond our understanding: but it makes us realize that education can't teach us what a total lack of it has taught Titz. We see in a sheep but mutton done up in wool, capable of motion, and bringing us in, if all goes well, 30 per cent on our money. We see an animal so brainless that we can but think that his few wits have all gone a-gathering the wool on which we are learning to improve and increase, and which one of these days will rival that of Australia. We see an animal so lost to his own individuality that he accepts the leadership of a goat, who, pacing solemnly at the head of his silly following, inducts them into kraals or railway trucks, or other tight places; and having got them there, sees the door shut, and then hops out and goes about his business. Given an



emergency, such as a hail-storm or a dust-storm, and a sheep in the midst of it, and you may count on him to take the surest road to destruction. He will manage to smother himself in a dust-storm; and in a hail-storm he will break bulk, and rushing wildly apart, will impale himself on an aloe blade or be killed by the hail.

The vastness and bareness of the veld have clean swallowed up the 7000 odd trees planted with so much labor, cherished with so much anxiety by myself, and looked on with so much disfavor by my neighbors as "likely to bring birds." Of birds I have no fear, but to plant places naked since the beginning of time seems to be almost sacrilegious. Yet wind-screens I must have, and the more trees the less my farm will find its way by erosion to the Indian Ocean. And what, after all, are seven thousand against so much? Here and there a plantation shows up like a faint cloud-shadow against the drab; or, after rain, against the wonderful and sudden green of the veld.

Passing rich are we in sky-lines, and with never a ridge or an absolute flat to jar on the restfulness of our large, gentle undulations. Here a man may speak of travelling so many sky-lines in the day, and give one as good an idea of the distance covered as he does when he says he has ridden so many hours. Here are "bare slopes where chasing shadows skim." Given the day, you may watch them hour after hour, slipping silently over a hitherward crest, sliding down the long

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incline to the wide valley bottom, and then smoothly skimming up the farther slope, they dip, and once again appear, and then, six miles away, dip, and are seen no more. Coming from whence? Flitting, who knows whither? Travelling with the whispering wind which drives them over leagues and leagues of grass, turning here and there the amethyst of a breeze-swept dam to momentary red color, or dulling the vivid green of the irrigated barley-field close by. Here one may see, though but rarely, and at sundown, the shadow of a passing cloud, smudging with a purple smear all the space which lies between cloud and its earth-thrown shadow. Grass, sunshine, shadow, and sky-line; but the greatest of these is the sunshine, for without that we are indeed the abomination of desolation.

Bare and open to the eye though the veld seems to be, it yet possesses many an unseen bosom, where it hides that which is unseemly to it—the hideous township, the unlovely farmstead, standing naked and unashamed beneath their corrugated iron roofs. Scars these are on the landscape, rendered yet more conspicuous by an edging of funeral blue gums: and star and landscape will never, never blend.

The keen winter wind whispers through the dry grasses: a lark starts skywards, pours out brief and incoherent ecstasy and sinks. From the unseen flock comes a quavering bleat. Then the sigh of wind through grass, the great silence, and the loneliness of the veld.

*The Sage.*

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Although the name of Rabindranath Tagore belongs to the Bengali, it has suddenly become a well-known and a welcome word in both our hemis-

pheres. There is something wonderful and assuring in this rapid world-wide fame. His popularity with his own people is surprising. He is not

without honor in his own country. His writings are published in many dialects. His songs are sung by the boatman on the river, the laborer in the field, and the bullock driver on the highway. When he visits the city the educated will crowd to hear him, and if he enters the village, men, women, and children will strew flowers in his path.

If the homage of the West has not been so dramatic and pictorial, it has been equally sincere and profound. Rabindranath has lately visited Europe and America. The students in both countries have listened to his lectures with feelings akin to reverence. His fellow literary craftsmen have sat at his feet. All the critics have sounded his praise. His poems have passed into several editions, and, to crown all, the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded him. Such facts as these are fraught with a singular significance. This unstinted appreciation which the Western world has shown to the Eastern stranger is twice blessed. It sheds as much honor upon the giver as on the receiver. It is the gracious act of a generous race. But it means more than this. It is not merely a tribute paid to a supremely perfect artist. The author of *Gitanjali* is a man of noble mien and of saintly character, and it shows that even in an age which falls down to worship a golden image there are men and women who have not lost the grace to admire the good and beautiful and true. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Perhaps other considerations, secondary it may be, have also influenced us. We have been passing through a period of decadent art, literature, and music—marked by a striving for effect, a passion for novelty, and a daring disregard of whatsoever things are pure and lovely. It is an immense relief to get away from a pleasure-ground

of garish lights, discordant sounds, and artificial beds, to the open fields where the flowers grow of themselves and the birds sing freely, and where we can drink once more from the well of English undefiled.

We have no reason whatever to be jealous of this Hindu renaissance. It is undoubtedly a new creation, but without the inspiration of European thought it could never have been. It is true that the ideas which it has borrowed have undergone a sea-change which has often enhanced their native beauty, but, nevertheless, the spirit of the West may sometimes see her reflection in the literature of the East; as, Milton tells us, Eve beheld her own image in the waters of Paradise. But there is yet another reason why we have welcomed this great poet so warmly. He is a herald of a coming day for which the whole world is longing—a day of universal love and righteousness and peace.)

The genius of Rabindranath Tagore owes much to hereditary influence. He is one in a long succession of gifted men. His father, Maharshi Dabendranath, was like a Moses to the Hindu tribes. His home was an abode of piety, a nest of singing birds, and a school of art. In his youth Rabindranath was brought in contact with spiritual teachers, like Keshab Chandra Sen, and with leaders of the literary revival, such as Bankim Chandra Chatterji, who was considered the most brilliant writer of his age. The latter must indeed have been a Bengali prose laureate; for one day, near his end, as Mr. Andrews, of Delhi, has informed us, the people gathered about him and put a garland round his neck. The old man wore it for a moment and then placed it on the shoulders of the young man sitting at his feet. He had true prophetic insight, for Rabindranath Tagore was destined to become one of the noblest characters

and one of the most distinguished authors of his race. He is a poet, mystic, teacher, and prophet—all in one.

The poems of Tagore are wide in their range and varied in their motive. They mark the growth of the poet's mind, and the deepening of his soul's experience. The *Crescent-Moon* is a collection of child-poems: the *Gardener* a volume of "lyrics of love and life." In the *Gitanjali* or "song-offerings," we have the sighs and aspirations, the longings and the love-gifts of a devout, adoring heart. In the interval of time between the second and the third of these works, when the poet had reached his thirty-fifth year, he had a great sorrow. The *Gitanjali* marks a turning-point in his career, as the *Trojan Women*, according to Professor Gilbert Murray, had done, in the history of Euripides. Henceforward the consecrated harp forsakes the courts of love and strikes out the music of the temple.

All the notes of true greatness are found in Rabindranath's poetry—simplicity, mystic insight, proportion, and authority. He is conscious of his inspired vocation, but speaks of himself humbly, "Thy little flute of a reed thou hast carried over hills and dales and hast breathed thro' it melodies eternally new." And again he avows, "I am here to sing thee songs. When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honor me, commanding my presence." To his unseen King he ventures to say, "I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach."

The spirit of simplicity is apparent in the poet's choice of subjects and selection of images. His mind is naturally moved by the beauty of common things. Leaves, grasses, and flowers show him their loveliness. The birds and the beasts confide their se-

crets, and the stones of the field are in league with him. This sympathy with nature is evident also in the sketches of scenery which appear upon his pages. Look at this from the *Crescent Moon*—"The palm-trees in a row by the lake are smiting their heads against the dismal sky, the crows with their draggled wings are silent on the tamarind branches, and the eastern bank of the river is haunted by a deepening gloom."

All these English odes are translations by the author from the original Bengali. Whether they have lost anything of their intellectual content I am unable to say, but certainly nothing of their melody can have fled in the process. They were composed to be sung and were set to music by the author. They are chanted by the Hindu peasantry as they sit on the ground and sway their bodies to and fro in rhythmical sympathy. They may be recited by ourselves beneath the trees, when the branches are swinging in the summer wind or in the cornfields when the wheat is undulating in the breeze. Their cadence is touched with a melancholy which is painfully sweet. It falls upon the ear like the sound of a wave that breaks softly and dies away on some moonlit shore. It is a perilous experiment to tear a stanza from its setting, but this is only one of a hundred examples.

Have you not heard His silent steps,  
He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every  
day and every night, He comes,  
comes, ever comes.

In the fragrant days of sunny April  
thro' the forest path, He comes,  
comes, ever comes,

In the rainy gloom of July nights on  
the thundering chariot of clouds,  
He comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is His steps  
that press upon my heart, and  
it is the golden touch of His feet  
that makes my joy to shine.

In the *Crescent Moon* the Hindu poet shows that he possesses the secret which unlocks the heart of children. He becomes one with them for the time being, like William Blake, Francis Thompson, or George MacDonald. He knows their ambitions and their fancies, their joys and their sorrows. He goes with them to school or to the fair, where the crowd is thick. He bends over them when their books are open, or stands watching when they sail their paper boats. He understands that the wealth of childhood is its innocence and its kingdom the infinity of love.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures. On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.

Perhaps a poet gives no surer sign of his creative power than when his mind absorbs the thoughts of others, and reproduces them in life and beauty all his own. In all Rabindranath's poetical works there are reminiscences which show his wide acquaintance with English literature; and the dialogues of Plato tinge his prose philosophy. As he tells us of the look of his lover which came to him "like the bird of the evening that hurriedly flies across the lampless room from the one open window to the other, and disappears in the night"—we remember Bede's Anglo-Saxon story. He must have read at some time Robert Burns' lament,

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
you seize the flower, the bloom  
is shed,

Or like the snowfall in the river, a  
moment white—then lost for  
ever!

Or he could not have written,

Pleasure is frail like a dew-drop,

while it laughs it dies. But sorrow is strong and abiding. Let sorrowful love wake in your eyes.

And yet the idea in the one has become transfigured in the other and a truthful reflection is added which unspeakably enhances its worth.

Both the philosophic thought and poetic feeling of this Hindu writer have had their birth in Mysticism. It is in the main the mysticism common to the spiritual life of all religions, while it bears upon itself some birthmarks belonging peculiarly to the East. It assumes that God can only be known intuitively—the fundamental axiom of the Mystic's creed—as Tagore puts it: "The vision of the Supreme One in our own soul is a direct immediate intuition not based on any ratiocination or demonstration at all." It is in this consciousness that the soul realizes itself, and in this vision that it continues to grow. Its union through love with God, the source of life, unites it inseparably and by many ties with universal life. After reading the *Gitanjali* and the *Sadhana* one hesitates to regard their author as a Pantheist. Although the Supreme One may be an all-pervasive presence, God is indeed to our poet a Personal Lover. His heart longs for Him as the heart of St. Augustine did and almost in the same language. "Away from the sight of Thy face, my heart knows no rest or respite and my work becomes an endless toil in a shoreless sea of toil." Like another St. Paul he is conscious of the indwelling of the Holy One in the temple of his being and must keep it pure. "Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that Thy living touch is upon all my limbs. . . . I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart." He can, it is true, deny the King of the Universe an entrance to

that sanctuary, for it is the self of man which He has not shadowed with His throne. He has left it free. His armed force, the laws of nature, stand outside its gate, and only beauty, the messenger of His love, finds admission within its precincts.

In the *Sadhana* Rabindranath tells us that "our roots must go deep down into the universal if we would attain the greatness of personality." It is, however, in the *Gitanjali* that we have the revelation of this universal life and realize what unity with it implies. "The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day, runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass, and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death in ebb and in flow."

This personal sympathy with all life links itself with all men; they are brothers. It binds man also to the beasts of the field. They were once friends, and the poet wonders "through what primal paradise in a remote morning of creation ran the simple path by which their hearts visited each other." Those marks of intercourse have not been altogether effaced, although their kinship has been long forgotten. When ever the friends meet now they wear masks and vaguely know each other.

It is not easy to understand this mystic's theory of the ultimate destiny of the soul. He looks forward to the end. When Death comes it will be welcome. Because he has loved this life he knows that he will love death as well, and he likens himself to a child which cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away—in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation. But

what will further await the soul is not made clear. In some of his sayings we seem to see a belief in a distinct personal immortality; for instance, "The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding the bride shall leave her home and meet her lord alone in the solitude of the night." Surely it shall be so—and then the eternal marriage feast. A simile such as this cannot possibly apply to absorption or annihilation, but when in the same poems we meet with this declaration—"When it shall be thy wish to end this play at night I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning in a coolness of purity, transparent"—we begin to fear that he is standing where Professor Tyndall stood when he proclaimed that our conscious personality would one day melt away into the infinite azure of the past. But the fear is groundless. The author of *Gitanjali* is approaching nearer, step by step, to Him who has brought life and immortality to light. Rabindranath Tagore is no ascetic. He is a mystic who "warms both hands before the fire of life." "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life itself," a distinguished Bengali said lately to W. B. Yeats, "and that is why we have given him our love." It is here, in one man that the contemplative and the active have met in a strangely beautiful conjunction. "Every morning at three," says one who saw him, "he sits immovable in contemplation, and for two hours does not awake from his reveries upon the nature of God."

And yet no mystic of the West—not even Tauler battling with the black death in Strasburg—could be more blessedly busy than this Eastern dreamer. He is for ever proclaiming the gospel of work as strenuously



as Carlyle, but far more wooingly:—  
 Leave this chanting and singing and  
 telling of beads!

Whom dost thou worship in this lonely  
 dark corner of a temple with  
 doors all shut?

Put off thy holy mantle and even like  
 Him come down on the dusty  
 soil!

Come out of thy meditations and leave  
 aside thy flowers and incense!  
 What harm is there if thy  
 clothes become tattered and  
 stained? Meet Him and stand  
 by Him in toil and in sweat of  
 thy brow.

For the teaching of Tagore other than is to be found in his poems, we must turn to *Sadhana*, a series of lectures on the "Realization of Life." They were delivered in substance to his own students in Bengal, and afterwards in England and America. They contain an interpretation of the *Upanishads* and other Hindu sacred writings, with original comments. The style in which they are written is lucid and musical, and their thought is supremely suggestive. They aim at an organic unity and completeness. Beginning with the individual in his relation to the universe, they show in what way his soul becomes conscious—how it faces the problems of self and of evil—and then having attained its true personality and cleared its path, passes on to the realization of its full-orbed being in Love, in Action, in Beauty, and in union with the Infinite. In describing this upward way he quotes freely from the *Upanishads* and the *Vedas*, but he cites the words of the New Testament again and again. Indeed, these Eastern and Western scriptures seem to run together for a while like the Arve and the Rhone within the same banks, although the color and temperature of their waters are different. It is everywhere evident that this Hindu teacher has sat reverently at the feet of the Great

Master. In the *Gitanjali* one of Christ's lately discovered sayings is set to music, and points a moral. "Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I," becomes—

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stone. He is with them in sun and shower, and His garment is covered with dust."

More than once in the *Sadhana* Jesus and Buddha are brought upon the page together. Their utterances are compared, and one is used in confirmation of the other. But whenever this is so, the supremacy of Him who spake as never man spake is not left for a moment in doubt. The saying of Buddha may have been spoken centuries before the Son of God appeared, but nevertheless the divine teacher can turn its water into wine.

The theory of sin unfolded in the *Sadhana* and the poems is both arresting and suggestive. It does not possess the poignancy of the Pauline analysis nor the sombre import of a tragedy of Æschylus. It is nevertheless powerful and convincing, and in its vivid reality far removed from Oriental shadowy shapelessness. Although it differs from the Platonic doctrine of ignorance, it is near akin, for we are told that sin is the blurring of truth which clouds the purity of our consciousness. In its essence it is selfishness—a selfishness bent upon self-destruction. "For in sin man takes part with the finite against the infinite that is in him. It is the defeat of the soul by his self. It is a perilously losing game in which man stakes his all to gain a part." In striving to secure this fragment man builds around himself a wall of isolation. The awakened sinner thus makes confession. "I am ever busy building this wall all around, and as this wall goes up into the sky

day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow." In deliverance from this dungeon and in union with the infinite the emancipated soul realizes its salvation. "As the child in its mother's womb gets its sustenance through the union of its life with the larger life of its mother, so our soul is nourished only through the good which is the recognition of its inner kinship, the channel of its communication with the infinite by which it is surrounded and fed."

In the finding of his true self man not only loses his misery, but learns the secret of joy in unselfish service. So long as he strove to save the beauty and sweetness and movement of life for himself, he forfeited all:—

Why did the lamp go out?

I shaded it with my cloak to save it from the wind, that is why the lamp went out.

Why did the flower fade?

I pressed it to my heart with anxious love, that is why the flower faded.

Why did the stream dry up?

I put a dam across it to have it for my use, that is why the stream dried up.

But when the great surrender of self is accomplished, then,

"The lamp gives up its oil," and "holds its light high,"—then the flower sweetens the air with its perfume"—then the river has its everyday work to do and hastens through fields and hamlets; yet its incessant stream winds towards the washing of God's feet."

Rabindranath Tagore is not only singing his song and teaching his lesson to the present century—he is a prophet of the dawn of a coming day. Like a true patriot he is in perfect sympathy with the renaissance which is stirring the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. In the revival of learning, in the yearning for further self-government, and the spread of spiritual enlightenment he has a share. He

thus prays for the India that he loves:—

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls; where words come out from the depth of truth; where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection; where the mind is ever led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake!

But his sympathies are not bounded by the Himalayan Hills or the Indian Ocean. His heart is beating with love for all mankind. He maintains that we can never have a true view of man unless we have a love for him. Civilization must be judged and proved by the degree in which it has evolved the love of humanity. The wholeness of the world and our oneness with it are becoming clearer every day. The joy and freedom of the individual will come when he "feels the rhythmic throb of the whole world in his own soul." As this love of humanity presses on valiantly, all forms of serfdom and oppression will be swept away. Caste will disappear and woman will come to her own. She is admired and bedecked and yet kept out of the movement of the world and compelled to be silent. "Amidst the rush and roar of life, O Beauty carved in stone, you stand mute and still, alone and aloof. Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and murmurs, "Speak, speak to me." But your speech is shut up in stone, O Immovable Beauty." So says our poet, but the light of the new dawn will one day fall on the stony figure and bring out its music.

More than once this Hindu poet speaks pathetically of his departure as if it were nigh at hand. No one who has heard his voice and seen the light on his face can believe that the

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set time has yet come. He has already done much for India and something for the world, but there is more to be done. He has brought the East and West together by the bridge of his song, and he has helped to reconcile

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social differences and to harmonize the discords of religious belief, but the day for his *nunc dimittis* had not yet arrived. May he not look upon death until the eyes of India are open to see the Lord's Christ.

*Edward J. Brailsford.*

## THE BOWL OF ROSES.

### I.

It was on one of those chilly days in late September, which are apt to plunge a northern manufacturing city suddenly and irrevocably into winter, that the Rev. Latimer Robinson decided that he really would pay a visit to Dr. Enfield, the rising consulting physician of Longborough.

Ever since, three months ago now, his own doctor had told him that if the cardiac symptoms continued to be troublesome after his annual holiday, he must see Enfield, Mr. Robinson had carried a guinea in his waistcoat pocket: "Just in case, for you never know," as he wife had said, with a dry insistence which veiled an aching heart. And the guinea was wrapped up in paper with "Doctor's fee" written on it as a reminder lest Mr. Robinson should want to give the shilling to one of those sad cases he was so liable to come across in his parish, or to bestow it on the blind beggar or the pitiful woman with matches who waylaid him in other people's parishes: for that was also the kind of thing "you never knew."

Mr. Robinson would not have consulted the doctor that morning, in all probability, if he had not previously come across just such a pitiful case. The woman had looked so wretched and the child so wan that he was sorely tempted, having no other small change, to violate the integrity of the guinea and reduce it to a sovereign. He was only restrained by doubts as

to whether it would be acting quite fairly by his wife, and a theoretical objection against indiscriminate almsgiving. He took laborious notes of the case instead, and when the woman had moved sullenly away, he realized that he was just outside the doctor's door. This circumstance, together with the fact that he felt giddy and very tired, and had been restrained from tampering with the guinea, appeared to his simple and pious mind as a "leading," and straightway he rang the bell and asked for an interview with Dr. Enfield.

While waiting till the doctor could see him, he diverted his mind from his faintness and consoled himself for his thwarted impulse of kindness by reflecting on the shilling he should put into the box at home, which he kept against occasions of this sort in order to prevent his theories about indiscriminate charity from becoming an economy. The contents of the box were sent periodically to a central relief fund, and Mrs. Robinson would shake it a little sadly as the winter wore on: it was apt to be as dreadfully heavy as the missionary-box he kept for "unexpected mercies."

"No," she said once to a sister-in-law who had been wondering why the Robinsons could not afford a longer holiday, "I don't say that we ought to be so badly off in a way, though with pew-rents going down we've only got a little over two hundred a year. But

Latimer's a worrying Christian, and when a man has got the Gospel on the brain it becomes expensive. The Bible's the Bible; I'd be the last to say it wasn't—still I could wish sometimes that when they were revising it they'd found out that a few things in the Sermon on the Mount meant something else, or hadn't been there to start with. It's not that I complain of Latimer or want him altered; all I say is that when people talk of our having over two hundred a year and no children, they don't know that a lot of that two hundred's just so much Treasure in Heaven."

When Mr. Robinson was asked to "come this way," he realized that he was feeling a little nervous. This was not merely because he thought the doctor would probably tell him that he was going to die: for an interview with his tailor or his bishop filled him with the same sort of dread. He always expected the worst and called this "being prepared." A habit of mind which helped, no doubt, to make the box for "unexpected mercies" so unduly heavy.

At the present moment he was feeling so tired, and was conscious of having felt tired for such a very long time, that it was actually less alarming to face anything that the physician might have to say than it would have been to reveal his shabbiness and poverty to the tailor, or to talk to his highly efficient bishop with the knowledge that he was himself a failure. His chief dread, as he was ushered into the consulting-room, was lest the doctor should prescribe something terribly expensive like a "complete rest and change"; for there is only one form of complete rest and change which a man in Mr. Robinson's position can afford.

The first edge of nervousness on coming face to face with the doctor was blunted by his consciousness of

the pleasantness of the room, and above all by the sight of a bowl of "Madame Ravarys" on the table. He had an unsatisfied passion for all beautiful things, especially flowers, and more especially roses. His eyes wandered to the roses almost as he said, "How d'you do?"

Stephen Enfield had made a reputation for himself, even outside the provinces, in an exceedingly short time; but there was nothing of the freshness of youth about him. He was a wizened, tired-faced young man, his hair prematurely touched with gray, with reserved, rather cynical eyes, a clever thin-lipped mouth, and an air which gave the impression of cold science to the average person, and which those who knew the faculty more intimately regarded as a hospital pose which he ought to have outgrown by now.

Mr. Robinson did not take in all this; he merely thought that the doctor looked young and yet tired, and that his frigid manner confirmed an opinion he had heard expressed as to Enfield's regarding his patients merely as cases.

Enfield himself was a little more observant, but not more sympathetically so. For he had a bad headache, had had a tedious morning's work, and he disliked clerical patients. This dislike arose largely from the fact that being out of sympathy with religion he did not like the clergy; but he maintained that parsons were troublesome patients to do with, either hippy or obstinate. He decided that the parson before him would belong to the latter class. The gaunt stooping figure, the sunken weary eyes, and the hollow cheeks which the scraggy grizzled beard did not successfully conceal, did not suggest the *malade imaginaire*. His slight acquaintance with the clergy served to tell him, by the cut of the man's coat, that he was a Low Churchman,

and its shabbiness declared him to be poor.

After listening to Mr. Robinson's halting and diffident account of himself, he said in his chilly drawing voice, "You overwork yourself, I suppose?"

"Oh, well, one has to do one's work," Mr. Robinson replied with a nervous airiness; "a clergyman's life in a poor city parish always provides constant employment, and er—curates nowadays, well, they are things that one has very frequently to be without. I think, too, that perhaps I have wanted a change."

"Do you like town-life?"

"Well, of course, as to that, one cannot choose one's lot; but, strictly speaking, no doubt I do not."

"How long have you been in this parish?"

"Just twelve years." Mr. Robinson said to himself that the man made you feel as if you were in a witness-box—which, indeed, was exactly where he was.

After the doctor had made a few notes, he asked: "And you took the good holiday that Dr. Ducker recommended?"

"Well, as a matter of fact I had some difficulty in going away as soon as he suggested. But in July we went for our annual outing to Margate."

"You enjoyed it?"

"Oh, well, these things have their little drawbacks. We were a large party; we were joined by my sister and brother-in-law and their little family. It was very wet of course; still it's always enjoyable to be with relations, and there's always the sea."

The grim young man remarked that the relations and seaside lodgings may have been exceptional, but that on the face of it the holiday didn't sound very restful.

"You know Margate?" queried Mr. Robinson with grave interest.

"More or less. A little to the right, please. Yes, that will do nicely."

The lazy voice was a little less cold and detached, and as the examination proceeded Enfield became almost pleasant and several years younger. Considering the very disagreeable nature of his reflections on the incapacity of the average general practitioner and of Dr. Ducker in particular—reflections couched in terms which if uttered aloud would very properly have shocked a clerical ear—the greater pleasantness of his manner and voice was something of an achievement.

The examination concluded, he said, "You ought to have come to me before, Mr. Robinson."

"Would it have made any difference if I had?"

Mr. Robinson was quite sure that the doctor's opinion was a very grave one, and, quiet as his voice was, his tone suggested this.

Enfield sounded a little rueful and nervous as he replied: "Well, I suppose not, strictly speaking, for when you ought to have been taken in hand I was only just leaving school. I should think it's doubtful whether you ought to have taken a town parish, and you have certainly stayed there much too long, and have worked too hard."

"I am sorry about it," said Mr. Robinson, apologetically, "only, after all, these things are God's ordering."

Enfield did not mean to sniff out loud; it was a nervous accident, and to explain away the sniff he said, "Oh, quite so! Quite so." Then he went over to his desk and opened his case-book and pretended to be making a note in it, and wondered how far the man realized things, and whether he should have to tell him straight out that he hadn't three months to live. . . . But it was no use "funking" things, the disagreeable moment had got to be faced; and the man guessed;



he must guess. So he fixed his pen into his pocket and was shutting up his case-book in a business-like manner, when the patient said pleasantly:

"Should I be interrupting, would it unduly detain you, if I asked you the name of those beautiful roses in the bowl?"

"*'Madame Ravary,'* I think," said Enfield, a little nonplussed at this inappropriate cheerfulness. "Are you fond of flowers? You haven't much of a garden, I suppose?"

"I am exceedingly fond of flowers, almost too fond of them I am afraid. No, we have no garden; a useful back-yard, exceedingly useful, but no garden. We have a window-box, and in the spring we have had bulbs in it, but we find that a succession of flowers is rather . . . is something in the nature of an encumbrance."

It will be observed that Mr. Robinson was one of those old-fashioned people who regard it as a breach of delicacy to suggest that they find any difficulty in making both ends meet. At the present moment it would have been peculiarly unfortunate, as, while he was speaking, Mr. Robinson was making furtive attempts to find the elusive guinea in his waistcoat-pocket; and to call attention to your poverty just before you presented the well-dressed owner of a luxurious room with a guinea for telling you that you were going to die would be so remarkably ill-timed a confidence.

The guinea safely located, Mr. Robinson said quietly, "You think gravely of my case, Dr. Enfield?" It was hardly a question.

"I am afraid I do, Mr. Robinson."

"Will it be a matter of many months?"

He spoke as quietly as if he were inquiring the length of time of a treatment.

"Well . . . well no, I hardly think it will."

"Thank you, very much. Well, I must not detain you." Mr. Robinson rose and took up his hat. "Perhaps you would be so kind as to write to Dr. Ducker, and tell him anything else that one ought to know. It would be more comfortable—yes."

His manner was almost businesslike, and his voice was freer from nervousness than it had been since he entered the consulting-room. While they waited for the "taxi" which the doctor had insisted upon calling, Mr. Robinson reverted to the roses again. It seemed a strange way in which to receive a death-warrant, and Enfield shivered as he thought to himself how wretched one must infer the man's life to have been.

A few minutes later he stood at the window watching his patient as he made his way to the cab; as he did so, his look of melancholy professional interest changed to one of mingled amazement and dismay. Standing near the "taxi" and looking at the clergyman with great intensity, was a beautifully dressed girl—just a little over-dressed perhaps. The profile that was presented to the doctor's view was of a delicate beauty, a beauty which was sensitive and a little sad. When, as she turned away, she glanced towards the house, the most remarkable feature of her face was revealed in her wonderful gray eyes—eyes that were, perhaps, a little too strikingly beautiful, considering that they were being looked at from the distance of a first storey window.

The doctor laughed a little impatiently as he went back to his table and began to tidy it up. "My dear little Vivien," he said, "this won't do; it won't do, and I shall have to scold you. Roses don't talk," and he took up the bowl of roses and sniffed them; "but to stand outside my door in the course of your walks abroad and see my most highly respectable patients

into their carriages is a thing the best practice in the world won't stand. You must be told once again that a doctor's reputation is a fearfully and wonderfully delicate affair."

As Mr. Robinson drove home he wondered very much why that young girl had looked at him so intently, and where he had seen that beautiful sad face before. If she were an actress he might just possibly have seen her picture on a postcard in a shop-window. (He never went inside a theatre himself.) But she did not resemble his idea of an actress. Why did he have a feeling of misgiving about her? What lovely roses those were at her waist! Just like those beauties the doctor had in the bowl. How fortunate people were! (This proves, perhaps, that roses can talk sometimes and that Mr. Robinson did not happen to understand the language.)

But the man's thoughts quickly turned to the more immediate importance of the great change that was to befall him. If the doctor had wondered at the unemotional manner in which his opinion had been received, Mr. Robinson felt a little guilty about it. No doubt to die at fifty-five was rather soon; no doubt there was something in the thought of the preliminary illness which made him feel a little cold, like the thought of a tooth being drawn; yet his first, overwhelming feeling, when he knew that his presentiments of the last twelve months had proved true, was one of relief. He was going to lay down a burden; he was going to a place where he would not feel tired, or sad, or inefficient any more. Whatever holy activities awaited him in the life beyond—and that life was as tangible a thing to him as New York would have been if he had just booked his passage to the States—he felt sure that there would be a period of rest

for him at first. He found himself beginning to sing softly to himself, and pulled himself up in dismay as he thought of his wife and what it would mean to her. Dear Marion would feel it very much, for no doubt she was really much attached to him; in fact they were both, of course, much attached to one another. Perhaps it was a little heartless to feel at all happy about it, much less to be singing. For the tune he had been humming to himself was the chant that went to "I was glad when they said unto me . . ."

## II.

One morning in November, two months later, Mr. Robinson lay in bed with his breakfast half-eaten before him, and two letters on the tray.

One of these was from the bishop. The occasional letter from his bishop had required of him of late years an effort of courage to open and read it. For there was always the tantalizing hope that it might contain the offer of a country living, and, judging by experience, the probability that it would not. The hopeful forecast had always been carefully humble. The vision to be raised of a garden, shady churchyard, fields, and larks was to be tempered by episcopal fears that the parish was very scattered and much neglected and the income attached regrettably small. But for all this anxiety to meet fate and a bishop halfway, the letter when finally opened had invariably been about something else. There had been no reason for such hopes and fears on this occasion; he had been able to look at that grim vista of smoke, roofs, and chimneys which the bedroom window commanded with something like complacency; it all mattered so little now. Only when he actually read the letter his eyes filled with grateful tears; it was "so exceedingly kind."

The other letter was from his

brother-in-law, James Cruden, himself a parson, but a prosperous one. He handed it to his wife with nervous brightness when she brought him his second cup of tea, saying as he did so, "Here is a kind letter from dear James."

After various kindly and pious expressions of concern the letter ran as follows:

"If quite convenient to you I should so much like to pay you a visit. I think you will probably feel the need of some one to arrange things for you, and I should find no serious difficulty in leaving the parish for a week or so.

"Is it too late to suggest your consulting another doctor? I daresay Dr. Enfield is clever, but he is an atheist, I understand; moreover, a friend of ours knows his mother very well, and she is apparently very anxious about him. I gather there is some entanglement with a woman of bad character. You may not feel obliged to see Dr. Enfield again, but should you feel it desirable to consult anyone further, as there are so many men of ability and proved respectability in Longborough, would you not feel it more satisfactory to see some one like Dr. Mason," etc.

Nature must have been thinking of character rather than beauty when Mrs. Robinson's face was moulded, and its originally determined outlines had been sharpened and deepened by time and worry, by the long struggle to make both ends meet, and by the effort to keep her temper with a scheme of things she could have planned much better herself. She looked her most forbidding as she handed back the letter to her husband; she was angry because she could see that he was worried.

"Well, I'm glad you think the letter is kind," she said drily; "for my part I can see nothing but fussing in it from beginning to end. As to this about Dr. Enfield being an atheist, it's ridiculous. . . ."

"I think it is a little uncharitable," interposed Mr. Robinson eagerly. "The young man would be reserved about his religious feelings I can imagine— young people so often are nowadays, I find. But I was very pleased to notice when I once alluded to an overruling Providence how emphatically he agreed. As to this talk of immorality, he does not at all look that sort of young man; I should be very slow to believe anything against a man's character who behaved with such delicacy and kindness as he did to me in refusing to take the fee. No, I think James has been strangely misinformed." Mr. Robinson was quite agitated.

"The young man's clever and he's kind, and that's all that matters to us. Why, I could see that Dr. Ducker was quite surprised that he said he should come to see you again. I do wish James Cruden would manage his own affairs. As to this visit of his . . . Can't you eat a little more, dear? You've eaten nothing this morning; though I'm sure it's not to be wondered at. . . . Well, is it likely that you want visitors?"

"But, my dear, he's my brother-in-law, and it's such a kind thought. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings."

"Oh, I'll manage his feelings. You obviously don't want him, so there's an end of it."

"But, no, my love, indeed I should think I do want him. It's a little sudden that's all. But perhaps for a short visit?"

"Well, dear, we'll see. What is it, Ellen?"

"It's a bunch of roses, M'm. A lady brought it"; and Ellen, dimpling with smiles and excitement, produced a bunch of gorgeous crimson roses, half-open and in bud.

"Oh, how kind!" gasped Mr. Robinson. "How exquisite! What a color! What fragrance! How fresh

they are! And who was the lady?"

But Ellen didn't know. The lady had left no name. She seemed in a hurry, there was a motor down the street; she was very pretty and she looked rich. Ellen was quite sure she didn't go to St. Thomas's, and she had never called before. "But I said as how pleased the master would be!"

"I am glad you said that," said Mr. Robinson solemnly, and added eagerly: "It is very mysterious; but how exceedingly kind! Have we a bowl to put them in, Marion? The doctor had

some roses in a bowl." When the servant had gone he said, "You look vexed, dear?"

"I was just wishing I could have five minutes' talk with that young man's mother."

"Mrs. Enfield? You think she was indiscreet?"

"Something of that sort," said Mrs. Robinson grimly. "Why, it's after ten. I'll see about a bowl for the roses, and in the meantime I'll stick them into a pudding-basin."

*Newton Adams.*

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

*(To be concluded.)*

## WRITING AS A TRADE.

The author is apt to be sensitive about calling himself a tradesman; and his dislike of the mere word is natural enough. All of us really live upon trade: with the exception of the man who is spending his capital, every one of us lives by selling something—his labor; his skill, knowledge, or judgment; his looks, or his manners, or his social position; or the use of his land or capital. To the extent that we are engaged in some one of the innumerable varieties of barter we are all tradesmen, but we limit the use of the word to describe the man who sells services or commodities for the sake of the sale only, without putting his heart into the thing done, or doing it in any degree for its own sake. The true tradesman does not do a thing because he likes doing it, revels in his skill in it, or thinks it a thing worthy or necessary to be done, but merely because he judges it to be the readiest means of making money. His specific difference from those who live by trade, but are not tradesmen, lies in the fact that for him the amount of money to be made is the measure of the work to be put into what he does;

so that, if men were really nothing but tradesmen, authors, members of Parliament, soldiers, and so forth, instead of being, as they are, complex creatures whose *differentia* refer only to a single one of the innumerable relations which they bear to their fellows, the contempt of the professional man for the tradesman would be perfectly just and moral. It is the belief—which may or may not be correct in any individual case—that the tradesman is apt to be a tradesman at heart as well as by calling, which makes the author hate the application of the word trade to the barter by which he lives.

But unlike the ordinary professional man, the author is apt also to be sensitive about the fact that he does sell his writings and lives upon the proceeds of the sale. It is curious and significant that those who are quite frank in the matter are in a majority of cases those who really are tradesmen, in that its saleable quality is their sole care in regard to their work, while among writers who refuse thus to prostitute themselves one finds all kinds of reticences, evasions, and in-

consistencies in regard to the commercial aspect of their labor. The author who writes for the writing's sake too often feels it an indignity that he has to live like other people. He shrinks from realizing that his material well-being is unavoidably dependent in some sense upon the quality of his writings: he resents his subjection to the universal necessity of barter, and allows himself to believe that there is some incurable disharmony between that which beseems him as an author, and his obvious duty in the simple human relations of husband, parent, or son.

The result of these inconsistencies is always evil. They bring endless bitterness into the writer's life, they make him uncertain in his aims, they becloud the perceptions which are the very life of his art, and sometimes they lead him in the end into the very prostitution against which they were originally a protest. For in almost all cases the writer has to submit sooner or later to the logic of facts: he is forced to realize that he must trade like everyone else, and unless he has cleared up his mental confusion, stifled his mere vanity, and measured the material sacrifices which the service of his art really does demand of him, he is apt out of mere bitterness to plunge recklessly into the grossest forms of literary tradesmanship. Examples of writers who have abandoned their early ideals for popularity-hunting are familiar to all who know anything of the literary world of to-day. They would be less common but for the exaggerated fastidiousness with which the writer often starts his career, and his incapacity or unwillingness to make his account with the conditions under which he is required to live in the world.

The writer of tough and virile mind does of course plough his own way through the mass of inconsistencies, delusions, and vanities which assail

him like an infection in his youth. He comes to realize quickly enough that he is not a mere writing machine, but, primarily, a man in a world of men; that he has to support his family if he has one, or at least keep himself in decency if he is alone, by some form of trade, and he soon finds that he can trade in his writings without being unduly tempted to tamper with their quality. He is modest enough to feel that he has no claim to be superior to the social law under which his fellow-men live; too courageous to shrink from the difficulty of bringing his duty as a man into harmony with the exacting demands of his art; and too sincere to shut his eyes to one or other of these conditions of his life. He may find refuge in certain old platitudes concerning the whole duty of man—but in these days the ability to face and accept a platitude without fear is coming to be not far short of a test of virility. As his literary talent grows to maturity he discovers that, however rare and refined it may be, he is not really alone in the world. There is a number, greater or smaller, of congenial souls who are to constitute his market. As a man, it is his business to get what he can for his work when once it is done. As a man, too, he has to refrain from repining if the nature of his talent is such that his audience must always be a small one. As an artist he learns that there is no discoverable relation, positive or negative, between popularity and merit: he is neither to shrink from popularity, nor to desire it so greatly as to be in danger of tampering with his work for its sake. His clear sight makes him proof against the sophistries by which both the popular and the unpopular endeavor to support their claims to superiority: he perceives that they are brothers, both obsessed in different ways by thoughts of the market-place, to the confusion of



their good sense. So he hammers out his own salvation, finding it possible to be both artist and man.

The tragedies of the life of art are too often due to the fact that artists are not virile or clear-sighted. It is true that the writer stands for his justification upon some mental superiority. He has perhaps some single faculty of the mind developed to an unusual degree—some originality of vision, some clear if limited perception of beauty, some gift of humor. His faculty enables him to do work of value; but its very existence actually reduces the probability that his mind will be of average excellence in other respects. It is so with regard to all talents: if a man rises above the normal in some one particular, it is by so much the less likely that he will reach it in others. The world vaguely recognizes this when it forgives the artist his immoralities, vanities, ingrattitudes, and absurdities more readily than it will forgive the same to common men. It does not realize that in fostering his

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vanity and too readily admitting his sometimes preposterous pretensions it is making harder for him that passage through the world for which in many a case he is already but ill-equipped.

The literary artist who protests with heat that it is an outrage to assess the value of his work in money usually couples the protest with a demand that he shall be liberally supplied with cash. His real desire is to be handsomely rewarded without having to submit the quality of his work to appraisal. In a sense this tenderness of his is fine and just; but his underlying notion that money is essentially base and sordid is merely absurd. It is a delusion that it is highly discreditable to his intellect, for money in its essence is the symbol of the social instinct in man: the emblem of his discovery of the use and morality of co-operation instead of egotism and strife. It is the outward and visible sign of the brotherhood of mankind: and in so far as he fails to recognize this the artist is a mere anarchist.

Henry Stace.

## SIGNERS OF THE TIMES.

Ralston came into the railway carriage with a fountain-pen and a huge sheet of official-looking paper.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said. "This is a non-party business. I am just getting a few signatures——"

"Don't apologize, Sir," interrupted Baffin. "I am delighted to see a young man like you working in such a cause. Every loyal Englishman, unless blindly ignorant or filled with Radical spite, will be delighted to sign it."

Grabbing the fountain-pen he scribbled the imposing signature, "James Baffin, Hughenden, Tulse Hill."

"It doesn't involve any financial responsibility?" inquired Macdougall with a touch of national caution.

"Not in the least. You just sign," replied Ralston.

Down went the name of Luke Macdougall.

Wilcox had to have his attention drawn to the petition because he pretended to be absorbed in *The Times*—reading it with the attachment of an old subscriber, though we all knew he had only taken it for two days.

"Of course," said Wilcox, "at the present moment I could not think of taking any active part in military operations myself, but I am sure my son-in-law——"

"You are not supposed to do anything but sign," said Ralston.

"Certainly, certainly, I'll be very

pleased to sign. My son-in-law is a most determined young fellow and feels most strongly on this point."

And Mr. Wilcox amiably offered up his son-in-law as a vicarious sacrifice.

Dodham was a little dubious. "You see I'm not a politician," he began.

"Politics have nothing to do with it," said Ralston.

"No one, Sir, but an abject coward," broke in Baffin, "would shrink from saving his country at such a critical moment."

"Well," said Dodham, "one can't be far wrong when non-party men like Kipling and George Alexander are signing. I think I shall be justified."

The name of J. Percival Dodham was added to the list.

Ralston turned to me. "You will sign, old man?"

"No, thanks," I said. "Signed a teetotal-pledge when I was six, and my aunts have brought it up against me ever since. Besides I haven't a father-in-law to take my place."

We stopped at a station.

"I'm off," said Ralston; "got to rake up more signatures."

Four men glared contemptuously at me for the rest of the journey. I don't know whether they regarded me as a miserable Little Englander or a wicked Big Irelander.

Punch.

When we reached Ludgate Hill I saw Ralston standing triumphantly on the platform.

"Done well to-day?" I queried.

"Oceans of signatures."

I glanced over his shoulder and saw that the printing on the outer sheet began, "To the Manager, S. E. and L. C. D. Railway Companies."

"What's he got to do with this thing?" I demanded.

"Everything," explained Ralston amiably. "It's a petition to run the 8.42 ten minutes earlier. I can't get to the office by 9.15 as it is."

"What," I cried, "have all your miserable dupes been signing away ten minutes of their breakfast time?"

Ralston winked at me. "I've just got to go into a carriage and say it's non-political and they jump to sign it. Signing's a sort of habit nowadays. Not my fault if they don't listen to explanations."

My heart thrilled as I thought of what the brave men would say who, under the impression they were merely promising their own or their relations' blood, had tragically shortened their breakfast hour. Talk of revolutions! Look out for a revolution in the Tulse Hill district when the 8.42 becomes the 8.32!

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## THE CHARACTER AND TENDENCY OF CONTEMPORARY FICTION.

The critic who undertakes to summarize the qualities, and indicate the tendencies, of contemporary fiction has not an easy task. He can scarcely pretend to have an exhaustive acquaintance with a branch of literature so bewildering in extent and variety. He must confess to the exercise of selection, and own that any kind of selection may involve omissions of cap-

ital importance. Still, in the condition of the English novel at the present time there are several salient and peculiar characteristics, which seem to point to the possibility of a generalization neither hopelessly vague nor hopelessly inept.

The "average" novel, the mere literary narcotic, of one period is, of course, very like that of another. It

is only on consideration of the comparatively small output of really high artistic purpose that one is compelled to ascribe to the fiction of our day a definite character of its own. Such consideration, however, does convince us that the novel as treated at present by such comparatively young men as Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, such positively young men as Mr. Cannan and Mr. Walpole, has certain general peculiarities both of matter and manner which distinguish it sharply from the English novel of any previous period. Fiction at the present moment exhibits a seriousness of aim, a tendency to social criticism, a tentativeness of form, and a fusion of earlier methods which all suggest that it is in a transitional period. Many of its characteristics are the direct or indirect result of the practice of the later Victorian writers. It will be advantageous, therefore, to institute a comparison between the fiction of to-day and the fiction (let us say) of twenty-five years ago.

In the last twenty years of the nineteenth century the English novel may be divided into three main groups. "Realism" dominated one of these, and, accepted as a condition by Mr. Hardy, followed as an evangel by Mr. Moore, was probably the most important and fruitful force of the period. Romance had still a masterly exponent in Meredith, though his romantic view of life was tempered by a keen critical faculty; and a powerful (if unorthodox) exponent in Mr. Kipling, whose supposed alliance with "realism" was of the left hand only. Meanwhile, with the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward the novel was beginning to claim for itself the right to criticize contemporary life, and to attempt the solution of current "problems"—religious, social, and ethical.

The fiction of our own day shows no such definite cleavage, and is patient

of no such convenient classification. Its leading examples combine the qualities of all the three above divisions with certain modifications of method, so that in the work of most of the younger men we find realism, romance, and criticism blended into a new complex—one, by the way, typical of the modern distaste for categorical thinking. Mr. Wells, for instance, perhaps the most interesting and representative of our living novelists, holds equally of all three traditions. His material is usually of a frankly "realistic" nature; but normal lower and middle-class life appears to him as neither colorless nor prosaic. It is, on the contrary, instinct to his imagination with incalculable possibilities of romance and adventure. He finds it "not gray, but golden." Moreover, he handles it with none of the impersonal aloofness of the academic realist. He is eager to generalize upon it, and subject it to criticism. He has realized that "problems" are an integral part of our mental outfit, and he is curious to trace and depict their formative influence upon character. He differs, however, from the aforetime "problem" novelist by a desire rather to represent men and women as moulded by the vexed questions of to-day than to supply answers to the vexed questions themselves. He has modified the method of Mrs. Ward as much as he has modified the method of Meredith or Mr. Moore. Mr. Arnold Bennett is a less, but hardly less, marked example of similar tendencies. He chronicles the detail of life as meticulously, with as subdued an emphasis, as the authors of "Jude the Obscure" and of "A Mummer's Wife"; but his chronicle is informed (as theirs are not) by a sense of progress. The lives whose evolution he develops are chapters in a history of civilization not planned or written from the standpoint of the pessimist. His men and women find their romance

in their advance to clearer apprehension and stronger control of a world which in the intimate conviction of their creator is somehow good.

This fusion of method and critical absorption in the conditions and forces of modernity have produced valuable work besides that of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett. Under similar influences Mr. Onions has analyzed with fine irony the mind of the commercial and political *arriviste*; Mr. Galsworthy has given us his studies of that curious increase of sensibility and widening of imaginative sympathy partially (but only partially) expressed by the term "social conscience"; Mr. E. M. Forster has exploited the fundamental opposition between the perceptive and imperceptive, the dynamic and static temperaments, in opposition immemorial, indeed, but only now beginning to be estimated at its full importance. We are not, let it be remembered, proposing these writers for admiration as possessors of unparalleled genius, or assigning to their achievement a unique value. We are concerned only to signalize their break with Victorian categories of method, and their closeness to contemporary life.

Ours is emphatically a day of profound and rapid changes, mental and material, and in a common sense of change and the need of readjustment the group we have selected as typical exhibits another bond of union. Each member of it, according to his idiosyncrasy, has been impressed by the alteration in thought and the control over life wrought by the last two decades. And this, it would seem, will not be a diminishing force in the future. The novel as a register of change will in all likelihood increase and multiply, and with its ever-widening field of observation will come of necessity developments and variations of form and manner. Some of them are already apparent. Mr. Wells, in

his analysis of the contemporary mind, as influenced by the opening of huge vistas of progress, and burdened with the task of constructive thought, has been led to invent the peculiar discursive and autobiographical form of fiction which has given us "Tono Bungay," "The New Machiavelli," and "The Passionate Friends." Mr. Bennett, proposing to himself the portrayal of men and women very gradually brought into touch with modernity, has found himself obliged to dispense with "plot" (in the accepted sense of the term), to trace the growth of his characters from adolescence far into middle age, and, transcending the limits of the single book, to launch out into the trilogy. In Mr. Galsworthy's curious technique, with its perpetual shifting of the centre of interest and its (at first sight) irrelevant introduction of purely occasional characters, we divine the compulsion laid upon him by his sense of the need for a finer and wider edge to our more intimate personal and social relationships. Mr. Onions, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Cannan, all in one way or another, by their treatment of the fictional form, express their conviction that the novel is occupied with the assimilation of wholly new material.

Whether these developments will so affect the "kind" as eventually to transform it into something utterly strange is an interesting question, and one that may well haunt readers of such books as Mr. Wells's "Passionate Friends" or Mr. Cannan's "Old Mole." Each book does show a tendency to pass into a mere discussion, to extend the parabasis to the extinction of the play. Neither was published when, a few months ago, Prof. Saintsbury raised the disquieting suggestion that the English novel, like the English poetic drama, may have completed its full cycle, and already be on its way to a natural death. But both might be

held to give that suggestion support. In its period of adaptation to new circumstances and new needs the novel is certainly not immune from dangers. We must not forget, however, that the element of discourse has been inherent in much of our best fiction since the days of Fielding, and that a certain loss of balance and proportion in its employment is not necessarily a fatal symptom. Again, it is hardly likely that the attention of nearly all the more serious among our younger writers can remain focussed, as it is to-day, upon the social life and social questions of our own country. Since the beginning of the century we have, as a nation, been absorbed by self-criticism and the attempt to re-orient ourselves to new conditions. The novel has only proved its adaptability and vitality by reflecting the process. As our interests change and widen, there seems no valid reason to doubt that it will prove itself capable of their assimilation and interpretation. Its freedom of form, however, and its

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critical spirit are likely to be permanent, since they correspond to the general trend of thought. Wayward spirits, we devoutly hope there will always be to delight us with their fantasies as we are delighted by Mr. Algernon Blackwood or Mr. Temple Thurston; strong spirits to simplify and recreate our vexed minds as they are simplified and re-created by Mr. Conrad, to whose genius, now at last, we hope, recognized by a wider public, the standpoint of this essay involves a grossly inadequate tribute.

But the main trend of the novel seems to us to lie for many years ahead in the direction we have indicated. On the whole, there is little to regret in the fact, if it prove one. Fiction may not, indeed, prove, as Mr. Wells claims in a recent pronouncement, the most potent literary instrument for a necessary clarification of our thought and extension and deepening of our sympathies, but in wise hands it should do very much for the furtherance of those aims.

## TIME AND MONEY.

"There is only one thing in which my husband economizes, and that is in 'something else,'" said a woman a little while ago to the present writer. So long as a man can pay his bills he has a right, no doubt, to take his own choice and keep his own counsel in the matter of economy, standing the racket of the family chaff. Every choice which is put before us increases our sense of freedom, and a large choice in economies may even inspire a sense of affluence. "What a trial it must be to Jones to do without such-and-such," says the cheerful Smith to himself as he watches Jones carrying out his chosen economy. Probably his own economies would be a great trial to his

friend. Each man saves his money on his fancy, and should set himself to get pleasure out of his expenditure. The facts are an object-lesson in the limitations of free will. It would be very dull if everyone had the same notions about economy, almost as dull as if everyone had the same income, but we are inclined to believe that a choice of economies would vary even that sameness. At any rate, it would be sufficient to dispel the monotony if no one knew his neighbor's fortune. Imagine a town in which everyone had the same salary paid yearly, and yet each man's salary was a secret known only to himself and his employer. Would the secret of this uniformity



ever be guessed by an outsider? Not if the income exceeded a very small sum—not, we mean, if the whole community were what is called well-to-do. He would see people living upon totally different scales and having totally different standards of life. There would be dear schools and cheap schools, dear shops and cheap shops, houses with gardens and houses with none, people who kept a conveyance and people who walked, well-dressed people and ill-dressed people, people who gave in charity and others without a penny to spare. But would charity be necessary? We feel sure that many persons would need assistance during nine months of the year. But these latter would be very uninteresting men and women. To return to the respectable mass. Human Nature loves variety, and no outward circumstances could wean her from her inveterate predilection. Eccentricity would be, we believe, the bane of such a city as we have imagined, and eccentricity would show itself chiefly in the choice of economies.

As things are at present, there are a great number of people who never think out any scheme of economy. They either save for pleasure wherever they can, or out of sheer necessity where they must. Certain natures are naturally prone to be careful. If they had many thousands a year, they would still enjoy the making of little savings. For instance, they would never allow a stamp free access to a writing-desk, but would keep it always under lock and key. Perhaps it is partly because of a devouring fear which some persons entertain lest they should lead others into temptation. They are, of course, right in the main, but they carry the moral germ theory to a ridiculous point. We heard last summer of a small child who, on being offered strawberries when out to tea, inquired before venturing to take any

whether his hostess was quite sure they were boiled. The same germ anxiety obsesses the conscientious in the region of morals, and almost always attaches itself to the question of property. Some hyper-conscientious people can contemplate the breaking of nine out of the Ten Commandments without any agitation. Lock-and-key economy is, however, very much a thing of the past. The classes trust one another far more readily than they did, whatever may be said about class hatreds.

If we lay it down as an axiom that time is money, we might almost proceed to argue that essential equality of fortune is a fact of Nature. In the matter of time Nature does, indeed, show even-handed justice. So far as time is concerned, we have all the same income. Not, of course, the same capital. One man is young, another is old. But for young or old the security is bad. Any day the youngest may become insolvent. But so far as income goes, we all fare alike, good, bad, and indifferent, worker and wastrel. Merit does not count. A tax of sleep is exacted from all, but even that can be modified at each man's will. The celestial banker seems to ask him how he will take his minutes. Will he have morning minutes or evening minutes? He can get up early or he can go to bed late, but the twenty-four hours are all he can have, and also he can have no less. Whatever his pain, whatever his ecstasy, he must spend his time somehow. This is true, but it is only intellectually that we can believe it. We cannot make the fact our own. Every other sentence that we speak on the subject of time proves that we do not realize it. So-and-so "has always plenty of time," we say; or "I never have time." Some years ago a wit said that someone had "all the time there is." The saying is constantly quoted as a sort of paradox.

But, unlike the ordinary paradox, it is not a statement which, while it is literally false, conveys a truth. On the contrary, while literally true, it conveys a falsehood.

If a choice of economies in the matter of money gives to the judicious chooser a sense of freedom and pleasure, how much more of both sensations should he get when he thinks of the choice before him in the matter of time economy! "What a lot of time So-and-so wastes on such-and-such," we say of each other, often most unfairly. As a matter of fact, there is such a thing as waste of time. There are many people whose time is entirely unproductive. A vast number of people are born with a passion for wasting time. Some of them are very good and they control it. For them it just takes the edge off the happiness of any hour to know that they are doing something really useful. Time extravagance is analogous to money extravagance, and it is a ruinous falling. As well leave the harvest standing in the field as let the days go by in idleness. But time meanness, like money meanness, is a far more despicable, even if it is a less disastrous, fault. A large class of men and women nowadays are horribly mean with their time. They count and grudge every ha'porth—we mean every minute's-worth. They have no time for friendly talk, none for friendly letter-writing. They are always calculating how soon they can be rid of the person to whom generosity would lead them to give a little time, and longing to be back at something useful. The character of the time-miser becomes impoverished, and debility opens a door to all sorts of complaints. The man becomes unjust because he has not time to understand the rights of any question not immediately concerning him. His sympathies become

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atrophied because he will not waste his time in standing by the distressed. "Stay with me," says the sufferer. "I would, if I could be of any use," replies the time-saver. The lower classes are by nature prolix, just as they are by nature extravagant. The educated have not time to listen to them. They are, as they themselves say, "short" with them. The fact has a great bearing upon the modern form of the inevitable misunderstandings between class and class.

Our great-grandfathers did not talk of expenses and economies as openly as we do. People who wished to live a gentle and admirable life as an example to their neighbors drew a veil over their economies. Were they unwise? They always appeared to be saving in "something else," and yet they did save as much as we do. Perhaps it is foolish to make any secret of poverty, or even of economy, so far as money is concerned; but certainly it is a grace, if not a duty, to hide our time anxieties. So far as time is concerned, it is all a matter of management, and a free hand makes life so pleasant, even if a little is wasted to produce an appearance of plenty. Those children who have never gathered flowers and thrown them down have lost a joy in life. Flowers are, we suppose, the most beautiful of Nature's gifts to men. They are absolutely ephemeral. They cannot be laid by. Abortive attempts result in nothing but that mixture of faint-smelling, drab decay with which our grandmothers filled their china bowls. The vaunted sweetness of *pot-pourri* depends upon a memory—the memory of a flower which grew to be wasted—and the fragrance of life depends a great deal upon the memory of those quarters of an hour which were never turned to account.

## THE WORK OF THE IMAGINATION.

It is not generally enough recognized that all progress, and indeed all civilization, is the work of the imagination. It lies behind justice and liberty alike, and the rights of man are founded upon it. The lawgiver and the reformer are merely the men who translate into practical measures the emotions kindled by the imagination. The old Latin poet who said with a terrible frankness that it was a pleasure to be safe on land and to see a ship laboring in a stormy sea was but describing the first symptoms of the imagination at its work; because the initial impulse of a man's imagination, when he sees another human being in trouble and suffering, is to say, "How thankful I am that I am not in that position." This is an inverted kind of sympathy, and the pleasure described by the poet is the sense of security, and the feeling of self-congratulation that one is free at all events from the particular calamity which is being enacted before one's eyes.

One must not be squeamish about realizing the immaturity of human emotion, and there is very little doubt that the interest aroused by opening a daily paper, and seeing the account of some disaster, lies partly in the realization of one's own immunity. One is quite at liberty to consider this a base and ungenerous feeling, and to wish it were otherwise; but if one desires to look facts in the face, it must be boldly confessed that human beings like what is called "news," even if the narration consists of a tale of tragic adventure; and we must not blind ourselves to the fact that the emotions aroused in an ordinary reader at the account of some incident involving death and suffering to human beings is a pleasurable excitement

rather than a sense of helpless pain and misery. People under such circumstances do not drop the paper from their hands and feel that they cannot bear to read the record; they rather anxiously scan the columns, and the more salient and picturesque the details are the better are they pleased. This is not a cold-blooded enjoyment of horrors; it is rather an evidence of the fact that there is an enjoyment in the exercise of the emotions. Such readers do not wish these calamities to occur; they would not dream of desiring that such tragedies might happen for their own enjoyment; they would prevent them if they could; but if such a disaster does not affect them personally in any way, does not suspend their comfort, nor touch their purse, nor slur their honor; if they have no connection with the victims involved, if they suffer no loss or bereavement, then the narrative is to them like a tale that is told; they are stirred by the pathos and the horror of the incidents; they are moved by the gallantry and courage displayed; it no more comes home to them than a tragic scene depicted in a book of fiction or enacted on the stage; and it must be freely admitted that there are probably very few people in the world whose reason for not reading the papers is that they are afraid to be confronted by some dreadful incident, the thought of which might give them sleepless nights or overshadow their days with gloom. Even if readers are not so heartless as to find nothing but a pleasant stimulus in the description of such affairs, they take a sentimental pleasure in exercising pity and compassion; and the net result is rather a sense of heightened living in a world where such stirring things can happen, than a sense of oppression and des-

pair at being compelled to live in a world where such cruel events are possible.

It is true, however, that many of such readers would feel very differently if they were compelled or permitted to view such incidents in person; they would not wish to do that, and would be unfeignedly glad to be spared it. But, on the other hand, it is probable that the actual spectators of some tragic accident are generally glad in retrospect that they have been present. It forms an exciting memory, a story that may be narrated, unless they have received some personal injury or shock, or have seen someone dear to them struck down by death or horribly injured. Then it may become a morbid obsession, a thing intolerable to recollect, and the only chance of happiness is to forget it if possible. For the wounding effect of all tragic disasters seems to depend upon whether or not some inner current of being is damaged. A catastrophe which is merely seen through the sensory and rational faculties leaves no incurable injury behind it; it is when the incident, whatever it is, cuts through the outer faculties and into some vital part of the spirit that a man is really stricken. In my own experience I have passed through tragic situations which were merely perceived, and inflicted no wound upon the inner man; but, on the other hand, there are two or three experiences which I can recall, by which the inward self was damaged and terrified; and these experiences produced an obsession of mind which no rational consideration could deal with or remedy, and the effects of which took a long time to pass away. The simple test of such experiences is whether it is possible to speak of them. If it is possible to do so, then they have not struck deep; but if, on the other hand, the mind cannot force itself to put the impression into definite words, and

simply dreads and shuns the very recollection, then the inner nature has received a wound.

The first step, then, in the imaginative process, is when the mind is stimulated by the solemnity and significance of an impression received; and it is at this point that many people's minds stop; and here lies the artistic pleasure which results from the moving presentment of all sad and strange stories—the sense, that is, of romance. This is the characteristic attitude, speaking generally, of the ancient world, which viewed tragedy as an impressive sort of experience; and the first note of what may be called the modern world was sounded when the imagination took a step further, and the attitude of practical sympathy was formulated in the Christian ethic. Before that, one hears of plenty of instances of personal sympathy and mutual help; but at length the great principle of neighborly love was formulated, the command to love one's neighbor as oneself, with the practical illustration given in the parable of the Good Samaritan, to the effect that one's neighbors are not simply those who are bound to one by some tie of blood or friendship, but anybody and everybody who may be in need of help. This was not, of course, a new idea, but an idea which was forming itself half-unconsciously in innumerable minds. But it was thus that the root-idea of modern civilization grew up—namely, the idea that life is not to be lived on the lines of man against man, tribe against tribe, nation against nation, but that there is a real brotherhood of humanity which forms the essential tie. Out of this emerged the belief that the weak, the afflicted, the obscure, the humble, the insignificant all have perfectly definable rights inside the human polity; and thus emotion slowly took shape in institutions like the hospital and the asylum, in

conceptions like the humane treatment of children and animals, the relief of the poor, the abolition of slavery, and all the ideas which we now regard as perfectly instinctive and normal.

People who rashly decry what is called sentiment are in reality attacking the imaginative sympathy which has produced all human progress which is worthy of the name. What they really ought to decry is the artistic pleasure in the stirring of emotions—imagination, that is, without sympathy—which merely luxuriates in the pathos or tragedy of a situation, without any desire to remedy the results or to obviate the causes of such suffering. But in speaking contemptuously of sentiment men forget that it is in reality imagination on its way to become sympathy. It may be true that there are plenty of sterile and futile sentimentalists, who are moved only by the picturesque presentment of suffering, and revel in the pathos of it without any serious intention of trying to better it. But human nature is not quickly or easily transformed; and it is useless to try to bully particular people out of sentiment, or to hector them into sympathy. The hope rather is that the next generation may start with an instinct of sympathy, and that this may develop, as the generations go on, into a practical and rational sympathy which may trace and eliminate the cause of suffering. Just now the eugenic theory and the idea of the segregation of the unfit are in the air. It is being gradually perceived that a taint of inheritance must be scientifically dealt with, and that a sense of individual liberty does not give a man a right to hamper unborn generations with his physical and mental deficiencies. Sentiment is still on the side of individual liberty; but it is probable that in two or three centuries the idea that two tainted individuals

should have the right, if they choose, to propagate a tainted stock will be regarded as a preposterous interference with the well-being of the world.

The question of how such ideas gather force is a very mysterious one. The theory that rational people perceive them and suggest them, and that the race gradually adopts them, is probably wholly fallacious. They grow up by some unknown law of development, and appear endemically in innumerable minds. The statement of them by teachers and prophets is merely a symptom that they are there, and not a cause of their appearance. The only ideas that prevail are the ideas that are there already. When they are crystallized in the form of maxims they are then merely recognized, not originated. A teacher who is very far in advance of his age is merely regarded as a fantastic visionary, and the ordinary man says: "That is nonsense!" Then the idea grows and spreads, and a teacher who is in sympathy with his age appears, and formulates the idea afresh. The ordinary man says: "Yes, that is right; it is common-sense; it is what I believe!" Last of all comes the statesman and initiates a practical policy.

And thus it is that, in the work of the imagination, the unpractical poet and the seer of one generation are but the men who by the faculty of vision see the sunrise a little further off than others, and indicate the coming radiance. But the poet does not make the sunrise, any more than the swallow makes the summer; he only sets idealists at work watching for the coming of the light; and it must be remembered that the happiness of being among the first to perceive it is often counterbalanced by the derision of those whose face is rather set towards the place where the sun last went down.



## ON GETTING UP EARLY.

There are many things in life which ought to be governed by principle, but which in fact are governed by accident; and among them our method of dividing the sleeping and working hours takes no unimportant place. Most people are agreed about the value of the early hours of the day, when there is no sense of hurry, and time seems to extend indefinitely before us. But the simple fact remains that few of us get up as early in the morning as we should like to. Our principle is that it is well to start the day in good time; but the principle does not govern our actions. Accident, in the form of unpunctual housemaids, of occupations the night before, of disturbed sleep, and a hundred other things, steps in and prevents us from doing what we really wish to do. If I wanted to get up early in London, for example—as I sometimes wish to do in spring and summer—I am discouraged and deterred on every hand. My letters and newspapers, with which I begin the day, have not come; but they will come while I am out, and lie unattended to until my return, and so make me actually later instead of earlier in beginning my morning's work. Then my clothes will not have been brushed, nor any hot water brought, nor any matutinal refreshment prepared; I shall move like an intruder in my own disordered rooms, and be a witness of scenes which are not intended for my eye. I know that the unsympathetic person will say that if I really want to get up I can wear another suit, wash in cold water, go without tea and toast, and keep out of the housemaid's way. Of course I can, and sometimes do. But all these things take away from the pleasure of getting up early; they make it appear as an eccentric

and troublesome thing; it becomes actually inconvenient. You cannot lightly break in on the routine of domestic life in London. Your servants' arrangements are all made on the assumption that you will get up, say, at nine; and they silently resent, stubbornly obstruct, and finally defeat any attempt on your part to get up at seven. A whole world is against you, and you give it up, retaining only your principle and the fond belief that it is a good thing to get up early.

But in the country, where life is, or ought to be, much simpler in its habitual circumstances, how different! For the last four mornings I have been getting up two hours before my usual time; and am, in consequence, not free from that absurd pride in the fact which makes one wish to tell everyone about it, like a hen that has laid an egg. This, by the way, is one of the disagreeable associations of early rising. It has been treated too much as a virtue, and not enough as a luxury. People who get up early in the morning, instead of being looked upon as more fortunate and more luxurious than others, are held up as examples of virtue and self-denial; and their habits are enshrined in copy-books, to the mortification of little children. Children naturally like to get up early, and would continue to do so if it were not for this copy-book morality. When a thing is held up to them, not as being pleasant and agreeable, but as something uncomfortable which they *ought* to do, naturally they will cease to wish to do it; will soon actively wish not to do it. And those of us who are ordinarily human dislike the person who gets up earlier than we, and who prates of it as if it were a virtue. It is not a virtue; it is only an advantage. Even the copy-book

philosopher recognizes that: "The early bird gets" . . . what? A quiet heart, a charitable soul, an increase of courage, or humanity, or kindness? Not at all. "The early bird gets . . . the fattest worm"! This clearly is not the kind of virtue which is content to be its own reward; it demands to be paid for handsomely, and at the expense of everyone else. The early bird is well paid indeed; for such payment every company promoter, every City shark and sharper would rise with the lark. Perhaps they do; for there is another ugly saying connected with early rising: "You would have to get up very early in the morning to get the better of So-and-so." So this is the company of early risers, and this is the spirit in which they practise their virtue! Nice doings indeed on the moral upland lawn where they go to meet the sun, and get the better of each other! Fortunately there are people who are content with something less than the very fattest prizes of life, and who can wait to take quietly, and and at their own time, what the greedy haste of the pushers has left for them.

So much for the absurd moral point of view about early rising. To me it is a piece of pure luxury and self-indulgence—far more so than sitting up late at night. As I have said, I think it is a mistake in town, where the world is not ready for its inhabitants before a certain hour. But tell me if, for indulging in such pleasures as these, I should be praised for my great virtue, or envied for my good fortune. I opened my eyes at half-past

*The Outlook.*

six, and saw that the sun was shining. There were no preliminaries to be gone through; no darkened rooms, untidy with the cigar-ends and empty glasses of midnight to be traversed; I had but to put on a pair of slippers, open a door, and step out through a smell of wallflowers on to the dewy grass. The sun, although low, was hot upon my back, and struck through the flimsy clothing to my delighted skin. The place was very remote, and there was no sound in the world at all except the choiring of birds. The trees in the garden were full of thrushes and finches; the sky was alive with larks; the larger trees outside the garden had their various loud-voiced inhabitants; and from beyond this area, where notes could be distinguished, all round the inverted blue cup of the sky to the horizon a murmuring harmony, the invisible content of that cup, hummed and bubbled. There is a well of wonderful water in this garden; and, having pumped until it began to flow ice-cold from the depths, I filled my glass, which instantly became covered with a frosty bloom, and sipped. A cloudless morning in an English garden; the first hot sunshine of spring; the smell of wallflowers; the loveliest music in chorus from a thousand little throbbing throats; and the taste and sparkle of the coldest and purest of waters—I ask again, Is the seeking of these things to be regarded as a virtue, or as a piece of voluptuous self-indulgence?

But I do not ask for information: I know.

*Filson Young.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Edna A. Brown's story "When Max Came" will appeal equally to boy and girl readers, for it tells of an English boy and a New England girl, his cousin, who find themselves in close comradeship on a vacation in Maine, contrary to the wishes of both of them. There are other young people who help to make a merry group, and the summer passes more pleasantly than either Max or his cousin anticipated. The story is simple and natural, with an abundance of things happening but without any silly forecastings of romance. The half dozen illustrations, by John Goss, are in perfect accord with the spirit of the tale. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

The English "Who's Who" for 1914 (The Macmillan Company) with which is incorporated "Men and Women of the Time" has reached the sixty-sixth year of issue. It makes a bulky volume of more than 2,300 pages, and the information contained in its many thousand biographies is brought down to the 31st of August, 1913. The subjects of the biographies are, of course, mainly English, but from year to year an increasing number of Americans,—authors, educators and men in public life are included. Among the interesting personal details are the entries under "recreations." Shooting, golf and fishing recur most often. Mrs. Pankhurst, under this head, reports that she "enjoys art, music, literature, is particularly fond of theatre, but has little time to spare." One man, whose name it would be unkind to give lest he be suspected of insincerity, records his recreation as "work."

He who wishes to lead a hidden life should make himself a scholar. He

may be blamed, despised, condemned, applauded, flattered or courted but he can no more be really known than a hermit hidden in a desert, and he cannot transfer his wisdom, either for love or for lucre. This is the lesson of Mr. Gilbert Cannan's "Old Mole," but the book is no prosy piece of instruction. The "Old Mole" who is the hero does lively work in his cellarage to say nothing of studying himself and the universe and the ways of his Maker with man's hopes and acts and desires. He ends by renouncing nearly everything but his faith in himself, but the book is a character-study not a sermon, and what Old Mole says is his self-expression, not a guide to conduct. He "has studied much under his umbrella," he says. Naturally his idea of heaven is of a rather insignificant area of limited possibilities. Mr. Cannan tells a pitiable tale very shrewdly, and makes it wholesome. That its pair of lovers should be frankly and comfortably immoral is what should be expected, as men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Mr. Cannan has done his work very well, but careless readers will hardly perceive its very great merit. D. Appleton & Co.

Randall Parrish's "Shea of the Irish Brigade" is a story of the time of Louis XV. and its hero is a young officer of the Royal Irlandais who fought for the French king against the allies. But the historical setting of the story is only a setting; the reader who begins the tale does not trouble himself much about history. What engages his attention is the extraordinary series of adventures through which the hero passes and the fate of the French maid of high degree whom it is his

happy lot to succor in times of desperate need. The whole movement of the story is restricted within three or four days, but one thrilling situation follows closely upon another at so breathless a speed that the reader will not lay the book down until the end is reached unless under dire necessity. There is always a comforting assurance in the mind of a reader when the hero of a story like this is himself the narrator, for it is then clear that, whatever may happen to the other characters, he at least must come out of all the perils safely. From the moment when the hero takes refuge in the loft of an abandoned inn to that in which he fights against heavy odds on the roof of an ancient castle there is no pause in the unfolding of the plot. What with reckless and brutal soldiers of both armies, organized bands of peasants bent on murder and loot, and a degenerate officer of the French court who is the chief villain of the plot, Shea and his beautiful and brave companion are at least half a dozen times in situations from which it seems impossible that they should extricate themselves,—but they do. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Once upon a time the British Raj and the East India Company sat together and ruled an apparently contented and united India. In one little week, they discovered that the tribal and religious differences among the natives were not to be treated as purely academic distinctions, and that the matter of the kind of grease used in making a few cartridges might very nearly bring the British Raj to destruction, and was not a joke as the home authorities thought. The story of that swift awakening has been related in many ways: Mr. Talbot Mundy's "Rung Ho!" finds a new one. The means by which this is affected is the substitution of a Scottish

missionary and his daughter for the Generals and Residents most conspicuous in the ordinary story of the mutiny. The native personages include all ranks and tribes and castes from a Rajput Maharajah to a whining sweeper of no caste whatever, but with a lively appreciation of the value of a knife used at the psychological moment. Mr. Mundy knows how to make his incidents unlike Mr. Kipling's, and his hidden treasure is guarded by no blind cobra but by several thousand sharp-sighted and keen-witted natives, and yet victory waits upon the British soldiers of the Queen. Each chapter is prefaced by a stirring stanza and if it be denied the name of poetry, why there be those who declare Mr. Kipling to be no poet. Mr. Mundy can endure to be condemned by those who condemn his senior. The action changes color as swiftly as an April day, but it is never dull. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Few readers of the tenth and final volume of "The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) will open it without keen regret that it is the last. There is less in it of incident than in some of the earlier volumes, for the period covered was one of growing physical infirmity, and, in the later years, of failing memory; but it is as intimate in its self-disclosure as any of the preceding volumes, and as full also of sage reflections upon life and letters, often so tersely put that a few lines afford food for prolonged thought. In a way, there is nothing more characteristic than the simple entry "House burned" which was all the record that Mr. Emerson thought it necessary to make when, on the 24th of July, 1872, the Emerson home was destroyed by a fire, which drove Mr. and Mrs. Emerson out into the street to be cared for by zealous friends and townsfolk, who rescued

the books and papers that were so dear to him. Emerson was always more concerned with thoughts than with things, and a house more or less did not seem to him to matter much by comparison with great ideas and lofty themes. But he appreciated the kindness of his friends, who rebuilt his home for him and sent him upon a greatly-needed trip abroad while it was being done. He journeyed to the Nile, and through Italy and France, and had three glorious weeks in London, where he renewed old friendships. But it is not these and other personal details, interesting though they are, and constituting a sort of framework for the rest, but the keen and sage reflections upon all manner of subjects, strewn through the book, which chiefly appeal to the reader. For example, one comes frequently upon bits like this:

"Old age brings along with its uglinesses the comfort that you will soon be out of it,—which ought to be a substantial relief to such discontented pendulums as we are. To be out of the war (this was written in 1864), out of debt, out of the drouth, out of the blues, out of the dentist's hands, out of the second thoughts, mortifications and remorse that inflict such twinges and shooting pains,—out of the next winter, and the high prices, and company below your ambition,—surely these are soothing hints. And, har-binger of this, what an alleviator is sleep, which muzzles all these dogs for me every day!"

Usually, a tale of mysterious crime keeps the reader in suspense until nearly the end, and then, if it is really ingenious, gives him a solution of which he had not dreamed. But Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's "*The Lodger*" pursues a different method. The reader is in the secret from the beginning. As soon as the mysterious lodger crosses the threshold of Mrs. Bunting in quest of accommodations, the reader knows

that it is he who has perpetrated the shocking murder which the newsboys are still crying in the streets and the other murders of a similar type which have preceded it. But Mrs. Bunting does not dream of it. To her, the stranger is only a somewhat eccentric but kindly gentleman who has come at just the psychological moment to relieve the pecuniary distress which she and her husband have been feeling. It is but slowly that suspicion enters her mind. She puts it away from her as long as she can; and, to the last, she would shield her lodger if possible, partly because of her real regard and pity for him, and partly—though this she hardly confesses to herself—because of all that his tenancy means to her. Crime follows crime, all of the same type, and all baffling to the police, and Mrs. Bunting's conviction that the murderer is sheltered under her roof deepens, yet she does nothing to bring him to justice. The chief interest of the story centres in the effect of the crimes upon her, and, later, upon her husband, when events have brought to his dull mind a similar conviction, based on independent circumstances. The mild love affair of Joe Chandler and Daisy Bunting introduces a slender thread of romance, but this is of significance chiefly because it brings Chandler, who is one of the detectives trying to trail the "*Avenger*," often to the Bunting house, where the "*Avenger*" is lodged. The characterization is skillfully done: Mrs. Bunting is especially true to life, and the motives of religious fanaticism which prompt her lodger's crimes are early disclosed. The story is told with unusual power; and is of an interest so absorbing that it is almost unthinkable that a reader should begin it without reading to the end. Charles Scribner's Sons.